And light does not linger



Mike Gordon

Buck's Rock Work Camp 1965

And light does not linger



An end-of-summer book produced by campers and published in The Print and Publications Shop of Buck's Rock Work Camp New Milford, Connecticut, during July and August, 1965.

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PROLOGUE

ONCE UPON A TIME ..... *is now, as we open our story and introduce our characters.*

THE PAGEANT MARCHES .... *and, swept up by its magic, we wonder at times where reality begins and illusion ends.*

LAMB WHITE DAYS ..... *bring back moments of innocence and a nostalgia for the past.*

AN EVER FIXED MARK .... *reminds us of the constancy of love and the relentlessness of time.*

LIGHTNING FLASHES ..... *disturb our idyll and warn our revelers of approaching storms.*

IS THERE ANYBODY THERE? . . . *we ask, and our voices echo in the stillness.*

BUCK'S ROCK DIRECTORY

Prologue

My ark sings in the sun
At God speeded summer's end
And the flood flowers now.
-Dylan Thomas

And so a season passes. Each judgment is a prologue for the next. From grey winter to summer, life is a year's wait in patient dark. Then, at the brief, brilliant dawn we mourn its frail explosion back to winter chains. The circle of bondages. O paradises are short beneath the long blackening autumn, and men's goals loom large and hopeless in the sunburnt shadows.

A season dies around us. There is so little time to taste this fruit.

We came, we saw, we conquered. Into this wild dream we milled, each with his own mad little fancies ringing in the air. Our fearful masks danced in the dervish sun, over our faces. And over us sat our judgment, all-knowing, with his sad smile at these garish pantomimes, into the storming deep orange sinking afternoon.

Endings are the largest and most painful memories. The mourners' song echoes in our grieving ears. But in the sun's dying-dragon's-eye, our story blazes loud and large, soon to fall. Here, under his grinning scope, is our legacy, for you to read and wonder at the moment's joy of our song.

JON ROSE

once upon a time

Once upon a knight-and-damseled time, when god-like men did wondrous deeds under a tapestried sky which sang with bellowing Gods and great plaid-a n d-arabian-r u g chimaeras, all framed in a goldleafed gothic window... We read the old tales, entranced at our own smallness. Now we make our own tale true, for others to see. We start with a capital letter, an introductory flourish, as our epic begins its venture in the tide of this milkweeded wind.



Once upon a time, there were three little bears---a papa bear, a mama bear, and a baby bear. One day...

GOLDILOCKS...A fairy tale

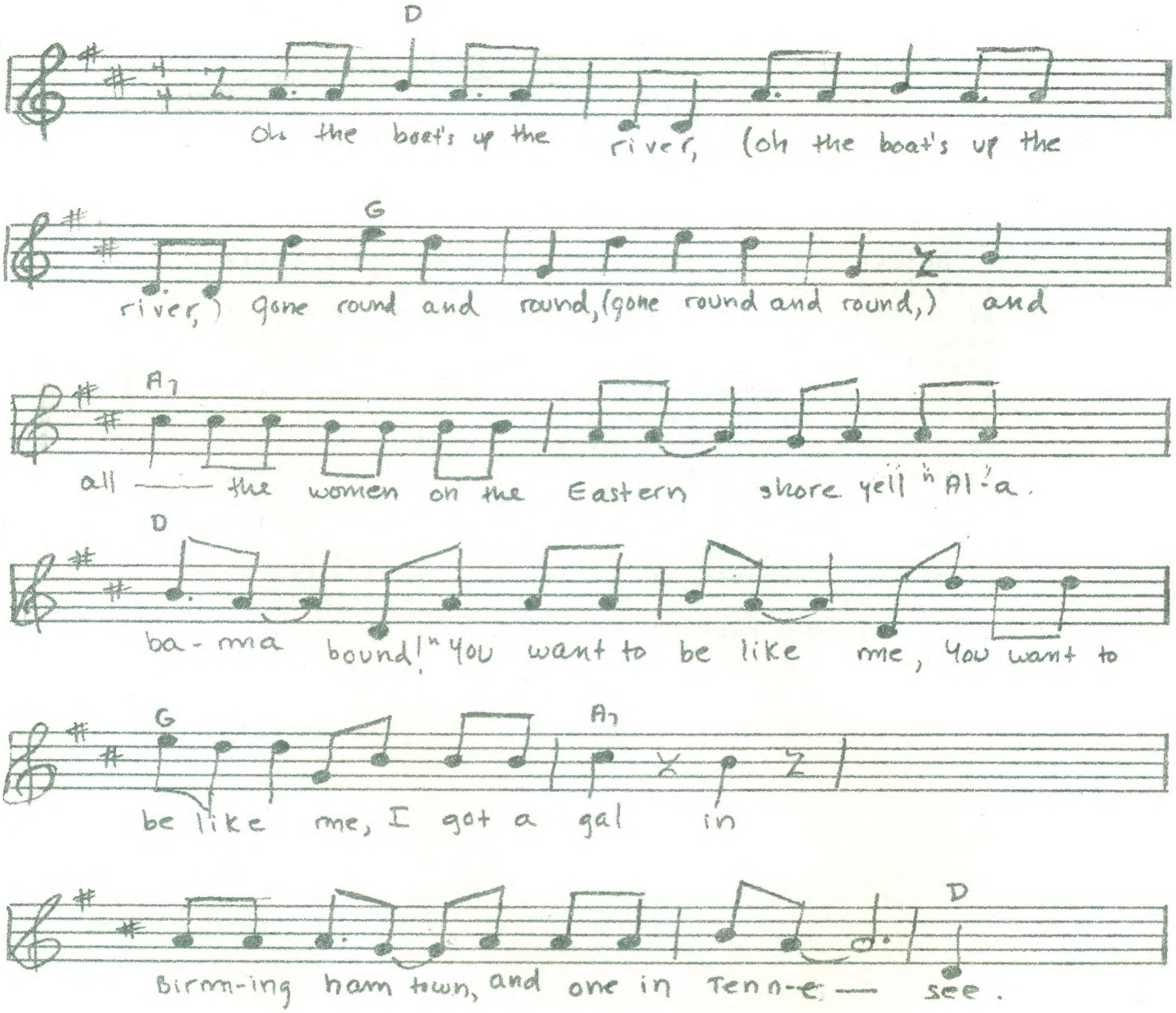


"Will it be like all the others?"

Bulova lumbers to my car with a sinister smile. I realize that I don't feel like going to camp after all. With the air of a Christian martyr, I watch my trunk being unpacked. The shaky pre-fab that I call my temporary home seems to crush me with its smallness. My first summer here---"Will it be like all the others?" reverberates. I shrug my parents off and walk past the dining hall in a kind of ethereal daze. Suddenly I meet an oasis, an old friend, and we talk. I relax. Later on I meet the kids in my bunk. I think of rest periods and inspections, and smile. "The Teahouse of the August Moon" cheers and satisfies. In a different kind of daze I go back to my bunk. The lights go out. Friendly ranking intermingled with talk. Sleep.

MARTIN WEISS

Alabama Bound



Dr. Cook's in town
Dr. Cook's in town
He found the North Pole so cold
He's Alabama bound.

Oh the boat's up the river
And the tide's gone down
I believe to my soul that
She's Alabama bound.


S. TRABAT

The Camp Meets

My summer began during pre-season, when camp was casual and empty. Each day the lunchline became longer until, finally, the buses arrived, bringing scores of unfamiliar faces. But not until that first evening did we gather as a unit. Buck's Rock 1965 was born that night.

When the gong rang, a swarm of campers converged on the lawn. I sat down with two former bunkmates and watched the new people gather close to the microphone. I felt at ease and comfortable. The tiresome year was insignificant now that I was "home." I lay down and stared at the sky. All around me were kids not sure of what to expect. The bigness and relaxed air awed them, as it had awed me the year before. In any situation there is a difference between those who are new and those who know they belong, but that evening the separation was even more evident. Those of us returning to Buck's Rock were used to freedom and ready to enjoy it, while the others were bewildered at the prospect.

Ernst started speaking, mostly repeating what I had already heard and read. He talked about shops and counselors and rules. He told us not to smoke in the woods and not to do anything to harm the reputation of Buck's Rock. He was far from discreet in his criticism of the values and people we'd been forced to "respect." He may have shocked quite a few of his listeners, but they applauded his words.

Sounds drifted by me. I was tired, and the stars were coming out. Ernst finished talking, and, as the gong rang, we returned to our bunks and newly-made beds. But it was a different group of kids walking away from the lawn. Ernst managed, I don't know how, to convey, in one address, the spirit of Buck's Rock. Each camper could now see with more insight the possibilities of the coming summer.

EMMY WEINER



FORSAKEN TROY

Castles climb along
The cliffs of Illium,
Catching the wind
On their glistening towers tall.
Seething waves put forth
The melting mists of spray,
breaking on saliferous rock, and
forming cakes of small sand---
castles longingly swept away.
Behind---only the gulls swoon over
fallen marble-winged doves.

Rena Rosenwasser

AESTHETICISM

Oh, child of many resources,
Where do you wander each day?
Where do your counselors guide you
When you have drifted astray?

Where are the crankers all cranking?
Where are the typewriters clanging?
Where are the Squeegees all squeezing?
Where are the silkscreens all hanging?

Where are the children all playing?
Where are the loafers reclining?
Where are the breezes all blowing?
Where is the sun always shining?

Where is Hack always hacking?
Where is Joan always dying?
Where does Schloss start creating?
Where does Schlitten start sighing?

It's here in our shaded green haven,
Here 'midst the hub-bub of shops,
Where the aesthetic starts being bewildered
And the rest of us never quite stop.

SUE SCHWARTZ



J.R.R. Tolkien --- Creator of Worlds

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien, an Oxford professor of philology who is now in his seventies, has created several highly recommended books. The first of these, The Hobbit, was a fairy tale he told to his children in the early '30s. The gigantic trilogy, The Lord of the Rings, which followed and on which he worked for 18 years, has become a cult at Harvard, Columbia, and Berkeley. In it, Tolkien developed at least five languages, two alphabets, much delightful haunting, rhythmic poetry, and a cast of characters as varied as that of the Greek myths or the Bible. The book itself has often been compared to Edmund Spenser's Faerie Queen.

After The Hobbit was first published in England in 1936, it was acclaimed as one of the best children's books that had appeared in quite a while. Its appeal to adults is indicated by the fact that thirty-six copies recently purchased by the Radcliffe bookshop were immediately snapped up.

The Hobbit is about a shoeless creature similar to a human being, but less than four feet tall, who lives largely in holes or one-story houses. A hobbit is concerned mainly with the getting of food and the eating of it. Mr. Bilbo Baggins of Bag-End, a timid, unadventurous gentlehobbit, is persuaded by the normal-sized wizard Gandalf to help out thirteen dwarves; he must kill the dragon Smaug who drove them from their home, the Lonely Mountain Erebor, about 200 years before the story begins. While getting to Erebor from Bag-End, Bilbo and the dwarves get into some odd situations. In one, Bilbo meets a creature named Gollum and manages to escape by taking Gollum's ring, which makes the wearer invisible. With the help of this ring, the dwarves recover their home and Bilbo gets back to his own.

In The Lord of the Rings, Bilbo gives the ring

to his heir, Frodo. It is this ring which becomes the source of further adventures. It proves to be a Ring of Power, and, if Sauron, the Dark Lord of Mordor, gets it, he can conquer the world. Frodo and Gandalf together have the task of destroying the ring before the powers of evil can get it.

The trilogy has a wealth of characters, including hobbits, dwarves(5 feet high with axes and beards), wizards, elves(6 feet high, handsome, and very wise), Gollum, orcs(created by Sauron in mockery of elves), trolls, ents(walking, talking trees), assorted monsters, wights and wraiths, and a few men thrown in for good measure.

Tolkien employs many writing techniques. The chronicles in the appendices are written quite realistically. He insists, with a straight face, that the tales are true and that he just translated them into English. He begins, however, by writing humorously about Bilbo's 111(eleventy-first) birthday. Tolkien's poetry---Elvin lays, Dwarvish sagas, Chants of Happiness, Entish Battlecries---fills the trilogy, part of The Hobbit, and the entire Further Adventures of Tom Bombadil, published only a few years ago.

His personal fascination with history, philology, and genealogy greatly influences Tolkien's work. In the appendices to The Lord of the Rings we find the histories and chronicles of Tolkien's imaginary nations and races. We also find family trees of hobbits and dwarves, a copy of the Hobbit calendar, and a whole section devoted to the histories, derivations, and pronunciations of the countries mentioned. Even if a reader fails to share Tolkien's personal interests, The Lord of the Rings remains an incomparable story told by an incomparable storyteller.

For the fanatic Tolkienist, these works may

become almost a way of life. Some Tolkien fans give themselves Elvish names, write tunes for Tolkien's songs, and write "Frodo Lives" on subway walls. (Of course he does---he went to the Undying Lands at the end of the book).

Buck's Rock has its share of Tolkien fans. For example, Merry Traum is named for a Hobbit and April's middle name, "Lorien", is the name of an Elvish forest. Mark Mandel, a Silver Shop CIT, speaks and writes impeccable Elvish. Observers assume, and rightly so, that it must be a wonderful book if it can make such devoted enthusiasts of its readers.

JOHN H. YOHALEM

Dada Moose

Dada Moose is Bernie Unger. My sister and I made him up when we were two. My sister likes him and I like him.

He got burned by gasoline when he was a little boy on his face, and he told me. Dada Moose likes to be cheated 'cause he likes to tell Mommy about when he was a little boy and he was very sad when his face got that burned.

Dada Moose likes me and Debbie, and I hate to keep the mouth thermometer under my tongue and it's very hard to concentrate. Dada Moose has an icky watch because it doesn't keep time right. Dada Moose was never---all these years---in the infirmary.

Dada Moose is Dada Moose 'cause he's strong as a moose. My daddy's called Dada Moose 'cause Jimmy Slater taught me to say it when I was very small and now everybody says it.

Pete Hall gave me a skotch candy. Pete Hall is a pumpkin head. Pete is a pumpkin head 'cause when he drives the truck on the bumpy road he never bumps so he's a pumpkin head 'cause he would never make bumps. Pete Marsh is Pete C.K., 'cause every time he drives a truck, everybody always says, "Where are we going?" Pete Marsh says, "To the lake, C.K.?"

And that's all I know about Dada Moose, C.K.?

AS TOLD (cooperatively) by SUSY (mostly)
and DEBBIE (sometimes) UNGER
to DEBORAH SHAPIRO...C.K.?



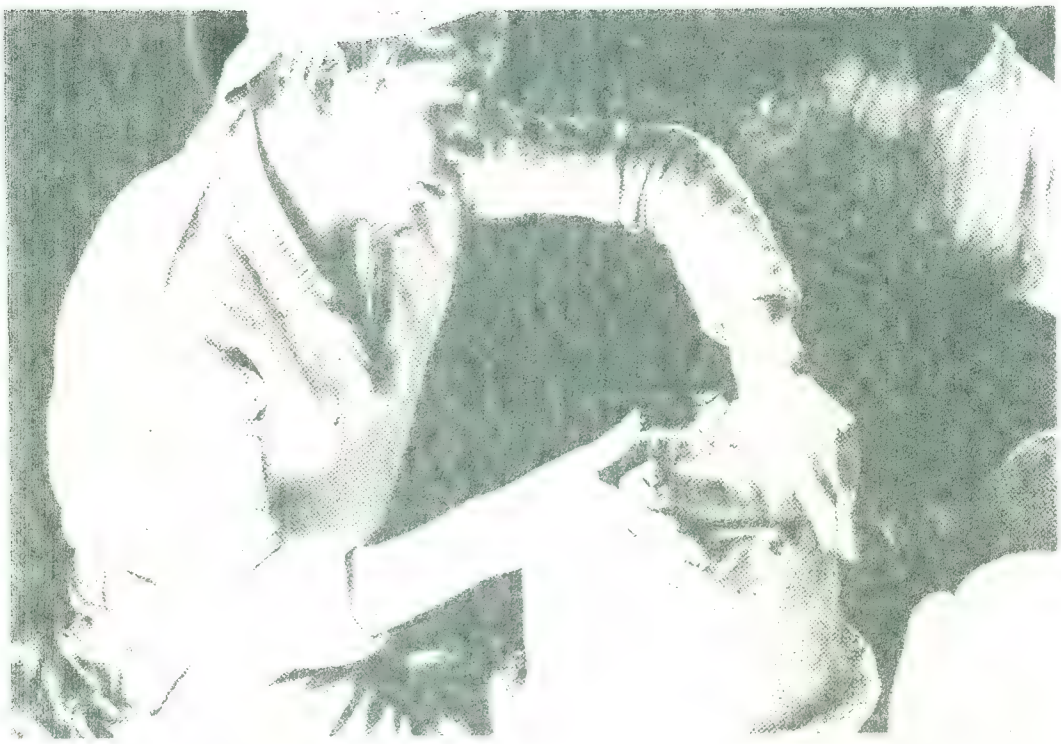
Peace Corps in Peru

During their two years in Peru as Peace Corps volunteers, Roger and Joan Lintault encountered problems of such magnitude that, at times, they appeared to be insurmountable. In their talks to the camp, they revealed to us the awesomeness of some of these problems and the slow but rewarding exchange of ideas they had with the Peruvians.

One of the first problems they encountered was the difficulty of approaching a people so different from themselves. The Peruvian Indians had been suppressed by the Spaniards for hundreds of years, and so they are still suspicious of foreigners. Often showing courtesy to each other without meaning it, they assume that Americans act the same way. They can not believe that Peace Corps volunteers have no selfish motives for helping them.

"In Quinua," says Roger, "I was introduced to a potter who showed up to talk to me. Curiosity overcame his timidity, I guess. His name was Sanchez. Each time he came, he asked me why I was there and I would explain that I was there to find out about the pottery, that I wanted to see their problems, and that I would see if I could help them. He couldn't believe that I wasn't there either to buy their pottery or to steal their secrets. It took many visits before he trusted me as a person and accepted me as his friend. Then he'd show me."

For hundreds of years before the Conquest, the Peruvians were highly skilled artisans, specializing in gold work, weaving, and pottery. One of the purposes of the Peace Corps program today is not to make Peru a highly industrialized nation, but to give the country a chance to maintain itself as a craft nation in a world which often looks down upon crafts.



The Indian peasants of Peru do not make very much money, but they make enough to satisfy most of their wants. They are not interested in clothes. There are few roads on which to drive cars. If they had more money, they might simply get drunk earlier in the day. Why then should our Peace Corps encourage them to improve the quality of their goods and to increase their exports?

"Very often we did wonder why we were there," says Roger. "It had to do with human dignity. They had very little of it...of human spirit. They didn't expect to be worth anything, so they didn't want to do anything. The idea was to open new horizons for them, to make them see that there was more to be gotten out of life if they wanted it. It's not their fault that they've been so reduced in life that they don't know there's any better, or that they're convinced it's not available to them."

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Another challenge Roger and Joan faced was helping young people with no craft who often went off to the cities without any source of income. Education of the young is the hope for the future, but it must be the right kind of education. And who is to provide it---the adults, who are stuck in tradition? Americans, when the American way is not necessarily the best Peruvian way?

"The people who could help the most," says Roger, "are the educated Peruvians. The trouble is, though, that once they're educated they can't find work at all or they work at horrible jobs. They're restless, have no sense of accomplishment, and blame the government for their dissatisfaction. They're very good at that. They go around blaming outsiders that they never had a chance. Some of it is everyone else's fault, but some of it is their own. I feel they should really blame the Spaniards who destroyed their culture and, with it, their sense of dignity."



Change is very difficult. The Indians themselves are reluctant to give up customs and have little understanding of what improvement means or could do for them. The rich people do nothing. Their wealth, stored in foreign banks, does nothing for their own country. The government is doing all it can, but there are still tremendous problems which are beyond the range of legislative reform. If the huge haciendas of the rich are broken up, for instance, land could be distributed fairly, but what would the peasants do with it without an educational program to go with it? Noticeable change will take generations and generations of time and work. Besides changes in education and government policies, there must be a growing realization among the Peruvians that they are worth something.

Roger and Joan have learned a lot about the behavior of people, how problems are solved in a primitive situation, and how a different culture can operate. They learned about things that others glibly think they know about, but don't really, because they haven't experienced it. By living in Peru for two years they have learned what most Americans do not and can not understand. As Roger says, "There is nothing like reality---really experiencing it."

ELLEN OGINTZ

And Now, Let Me Write

There's something about writing that's so secure. It's different from discussing really philosophical ideas about which I have to wrack my brains in order to keep on talking, and keep on making sense at the same time. When people present me with ideas about something or other, I am able only instinctively to agree or disagree. I can rarely think of reasons why I disagree, for example, unless I've had a chance to think for a while before discussing. Even then it is hard to think of a logical counter-argument in the course of discussion. I very rarely can say exactly what I mean if another person has brought up the subject to discuss.

Too often, I just don't know what I think, so I force myself to say things that I may not intend, just in order that I don't give the impression that I don't care, or that I am a conceited ass. Some people have told me that there is no need to care--because caring will make me unhappy. I really don't think that I can understand this. For me, caring is a part of being happy. By suppressing my feelings, of course, I might pretend to be happy. But even though I might think I am happy, whatever lies deepest within me would never be at peace. If I do care, that smallest particle of me, at least, is one step closer to peace, and is secure.

I really do care about my writing. When I write, I have no problem in saying what I think. I have only myself to prove something to, to argue against. I can say what I really mean without worrying about whether or not it's truly logical. Something peculiar that I write about will not only make sense to me, but will provide some sort of contact, some kind of communication with myself, and perhaps later on, with the rest of the world, or at least part of it.

For in this world, understanding is so important. And yet, I know that I am barely on the brink of only a partial understanding. But the only way of

understanding others is to think about myself as much as I can and then try to see how I compare to others. Other people are often helpful in my search for what might be called an "identity." But I can only listen to them speak, and choose. Since I don't believe that I have yet formulated my own thoughts, how can I measure the meaning of what others say? I myself have to write in order to formulate my ideas. If I get my ideas down on paper often enough, maybe then I'll be able to get them figured out.

I want to write and write and write because I have so much still unformulated within me which I want to clarify and say, so much to tell the world. If I write--I can think, I can pause, I can later argue and disagree with what I've written. And I'm not writing to anybody, as I would be if I were speaking.

Perhaps I'm destined to be a frustrated writer in my spare time. But maybe, if I write enough, think enough, maybe I'll touch something someday. Maybe I'll really be able to say what I mean without worrying about whether or not I've made a fool of myself. Maybe I'll have something that can clear, at least partially, the hazy mist that surrounds me.

NAOMI COHEN







the pageant marches

And jesters shall run and dance and they shall hold their masks high in front of their faces. O what are peoples' real selves? And in the vortex of noise and plaster faces, time cyclones on.



...But everyone is drugged with his own frenzy, and the pageant marches at all hours, with music and banner and badge.

ILLUSIONS...Ralph Waldo Emerson

TO DIONYSOS AREOPAGITE

Whoever wants to be a Christian
must tear the eyes out of reason.

Martin Luther

INVOCATION

Of Human Bondage:
the strength of
emotions.
Of Human Freedom:
the power of
understanding.

I

Who can condemn an ant---
dragging his burden
Onus of insignificance
over a fetid plain
jagged
with little woes.

Let him play in the labyrinth---
dodging Erinyes
scourging;
Dripping ichor
drop by ephemeral drop
(impotent smear)
Cryptic stretch of yarn
twisting
writhing to the nemesis of
groveling in the maze of
night for
light
even if it be light to die in.

II

Hear the drones
intone the
Ineffable Name
Things change
so that they will remain the same.

Life is two years of fire---
the rest ashes
corroding
mirroring Magnanimous Man
tumbling
screaming
(sarcastic
wistful)
down the precipice
into the lethal embrace:
Cabalistic Corybant.

Climb out of the Cave of Shadows s
Laved in Light
searing his every avatar.
That oddball isolato
floundering in the rocks above
to fall every night
bruised
bleeding;
Why doesn't he
Cultivate his garden
Why doesn't he play the game
(between fire and impassive wall
playing the game
pretending
the leash isn't there at all)?

Emanation of a warped ego:
A philosophy of
painted flowers
in a reticent garden.
Rolling the pebble
uphill to be crushed
by its
inexorable
descent
(Heaven-sent
Greek gift
of sybarite
god
God who flatters himself
in the whirlwind)

When he was a little kid
he screamed for his pacifier
Now he hunts between
Clashing Rocks for
moly---
an aesthetic conflagration
of Buffalo chips.

"I am a lonely noble savage
searching for golden fields
to ravage
and remember.
I am an ingénu
love-sick for Leviathan.
Bellicose boys
grandiose stallion
I cannot even know
control
stop myself from
succumbing to the enchantments of the
Light
even if it be Light to die in."

III

The Fates' lieutenant
acting under orders
waiting to jeer dies irae.
"Defiantly I worship thee
God of blue inscrutable sky,
prostitute with heart of gilt."

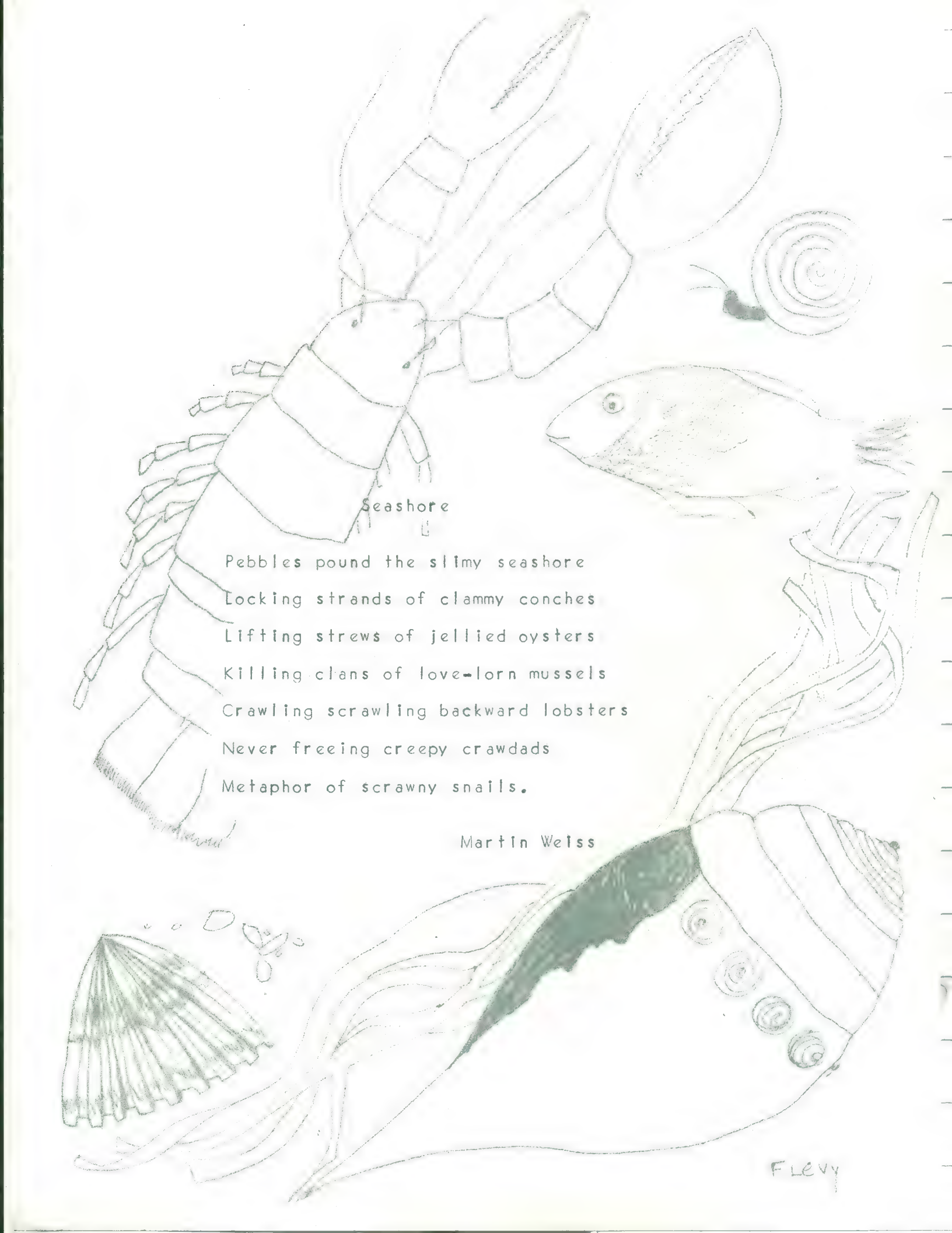
Shadows in the hands of a
puerile God
with
hooded
impassive eyelids
visiting the sins of the fathers on the children
(but not the reeds
Midas has ass's ears)

Transcendental hopes
cannot cancel out
Terrestrial woe.

god
seer seen
creative libertine:
"Why hoard light on the axle of
the chariot
until a spark eludes you
and Valhalla
is consumed in introspective flame."

I have the recollection and the blood of the lamb.
drowning out a still
small voice
hissing and moaning
in the cathartic blood
steaming and churning
flowing into a cloaca
sea.

Mark Schlitte



Seashore

Pebbles pound the slimy seashore
Locking strands of clammy conches
Lifting strews of jellied oysters
Killing clans of love-lorn mussels
Crawling scrawling backward lobsters
Never freeing creepy crawdads
Metaphor of scrawny snails.

Martin Weiss

FLEVY

An Evening of Creative Writing

Loads of modes and metaphors float thickly whenever one of the quasi-scheduled writing seminars comes to the perspicacious Print Shop. On those flowery nights, our discussions reach a sublime level of esoteric didacticism. The cast of regulars are there as always: Mark Schlitten, our analytical wunderkind, who is able to grasp grave sociological implications from the latast issue of "Mad"; Jon Rose, our synaesthesiamaniac, and a Greta Garbo when it comes to displaying his pennings; Ben Cohen, whose granite pragmatism keeps us from becoming completely self-hypnotized by our cosmological discoveries; and me, who writes much and learns little.

Then there are our counselors: Lou, who has risen to the status of an almost-unapproachable demi-god in the past months; Ari, more earthy and impish, constantly and diabolically breaking poetic figments with astonishing ease; and Mike, our flaming philosophical O'Neillian, constantly grappling with disturbing thoughts about illusion and reality. Put all these ingredients together, and you come up with an enormously creative potpourri of ideas.

The writings discussed are many and varied, but at each meeting Lou and staff have tried to select short stories, essays, and poems related to one general theme. For example, at one occasion we discussed the love and pseudo-love poems of such writers as Shakespeare, Byron, and Auden. On another, we pondered the "Illusion of Innocence" through Dylan Thomas' "Fern Hill," Hart Crane's "Prelude to the Bridge," William Yeats' "Lake Isle of Innisfree," and e.e. cummings' "chanson innocent."

Interesting punches and points are exchanged mercilessly, and vitriolic vocabulary is thrown

around with characteristic abandon.

"What's a pariah?"

"A harrijan."

"Thanks."

"The bridge is invading God's domain!"

"Do you call 'Lifting in prayer' invading?"

"Of course he's at Innisfree! He can hear the lake lapping."

"In his heart, stupid."

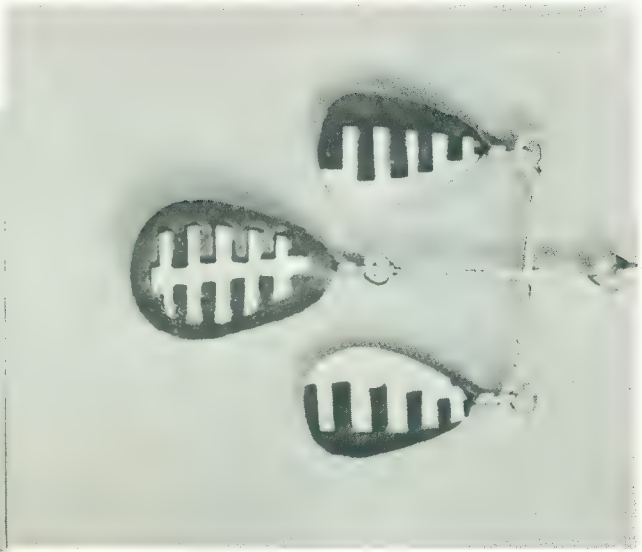
Ars gratia artis.

MARTIN WEISS











Beyond the Lights

A dancer is the soul of the world captured in notes of music, extended through the limbs of a body, and released in a burst of movement. To dance is to laugh and to cry and to sing and to shout...and to be.

Every little girl is a potential dancer. The child leaping across the lawn after a grasshopper, or stretching chubby fingers to the sky to reach a far-off star has captured the essence of dance. But ten years later, when she takes her first ballet lesson, she will feel a little uncomfortable in her leotard, and slightly embarrassed about executing some of the steps. One of her most difficult tasks will be to capture the honesty of movement which was so natural to her as a child.

So the work begins. In a jumble of leotards and tights and aching limbs and sweat and the beat of an exercise she learns the maddening discipline and technique. Then one day, during a very ordinary lesson, she does a simple exercise perfectly, and her teacher's quick "bravo" compensates for all the hours of work. The technique, which seemed so irrelevant at first, becomes the essence of her dancing.

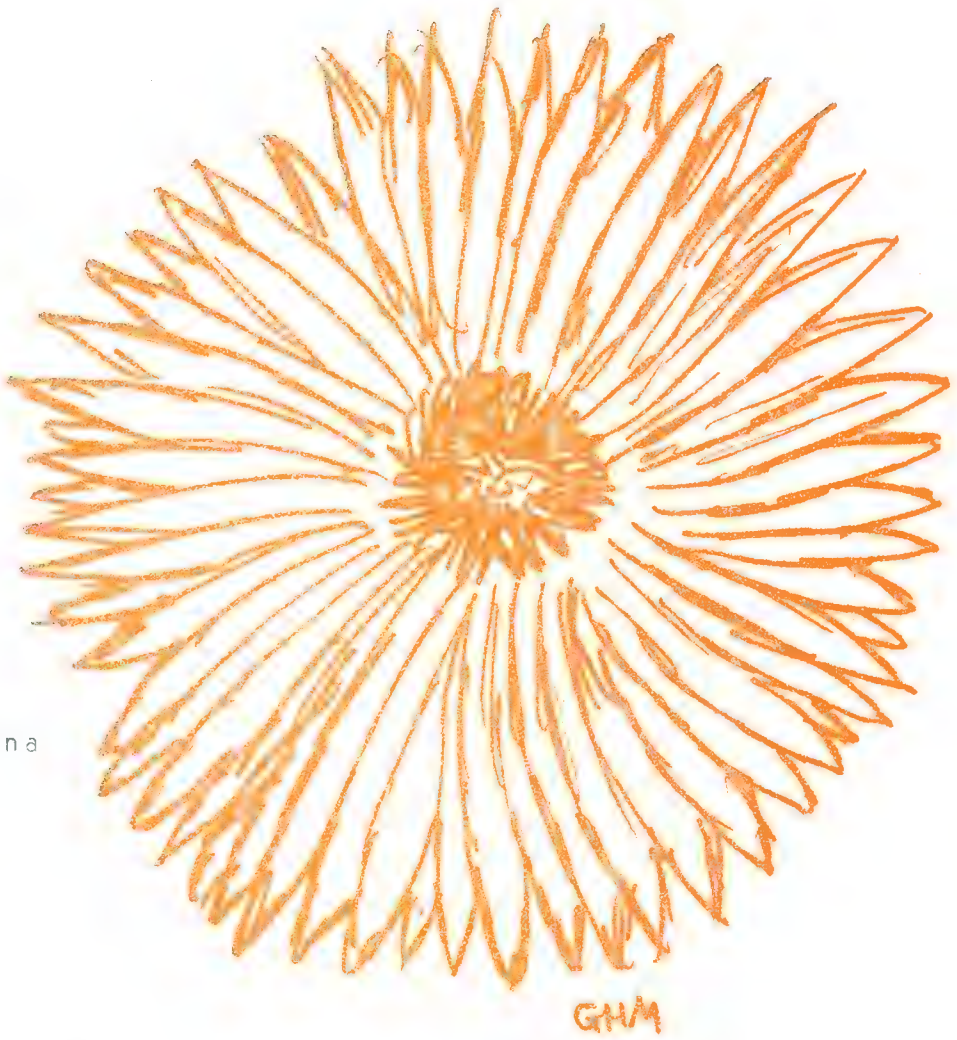
Then one night she will perform. It may be the Ballet School Recital, or Dance Night, or West Side Story, or Lincoln Center, but the excitement will be the same. One moment of violent stomach-turning tension before her entrance, one moment of purest serenity before she begins, and then nothing but the glaring lights of the stage, and the music, and the movement, and the applause - and it's over. This is the test, the great final judgment of her ability to perform. Now she must be more than a "puppet dancer," she must dance with her heart as much as with her body. It is not enough that she execute her steps perfectly. She must also reach out beyond the boundaries of the stage and communicate with her audience. Few audiences care how perfectly she executes her steps. They are watching her face. They want to see the light shining in her eyes.

SUE SCHWARTZ

Paper Flower

O
Crinkle
Crusty
Cotyledon,
What have you
Created?

A
Crinkled
Compressed
Calliope
Swan,
Hydrogenous corona
White,
Squashed beak
Center.



A
Fun
Ny
Sun.

Martin Weiss



Late Rehearsals

A shroud of apprehension encloses the stage. People scurry back and forth, Bill paces nervously, and suddenly a bunch of giggly amateur actors and a lackadaisical stage crew become professionals, each working with a new sense of responsibility.

Costumes are put on and multiple adjustments made: skirts shortened, pants tightened, a hat changed. While waiting in the wings, the tension of last rehearsal, and the silence of night all sharpen the task before him! He realizes that he must now become another person and live in another world. His thoughts and emotions must fit his other self---the character he is portraying.

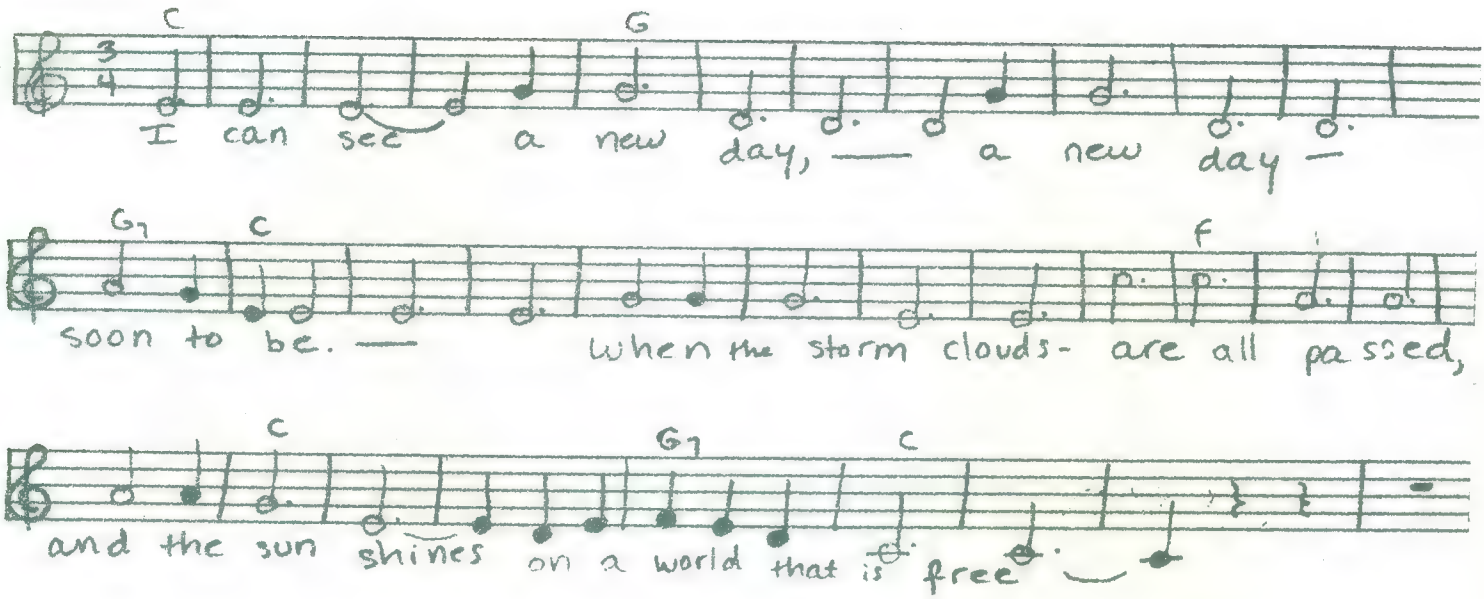
There is an air of importance about the evening. The go-to-sleep gong rings, the audience dwindles to a few counselors, and still the first act drags on. Everyone knows that he has received special permission to stay up later than his bunkmates, and this sense of privilege heightens his appreciation of the unique magic connected with dress rehearsal.

Mistakes are greatly magnified by the deep, penetrating silence. This is it---a final chance before the fantasy on stage will be judged by an audience coming from a very real world.

But at last there is nothing more to be done. "Everyone to sleep," says Bill in a hoarse whisper, and tired actors and stage hands drift slowly away from the stage, where just a short while before, people lived other lives and thought other thoughts. But it is over now, and the spell is broken. All that is left is a barren stage.

JANET POMERANTZ

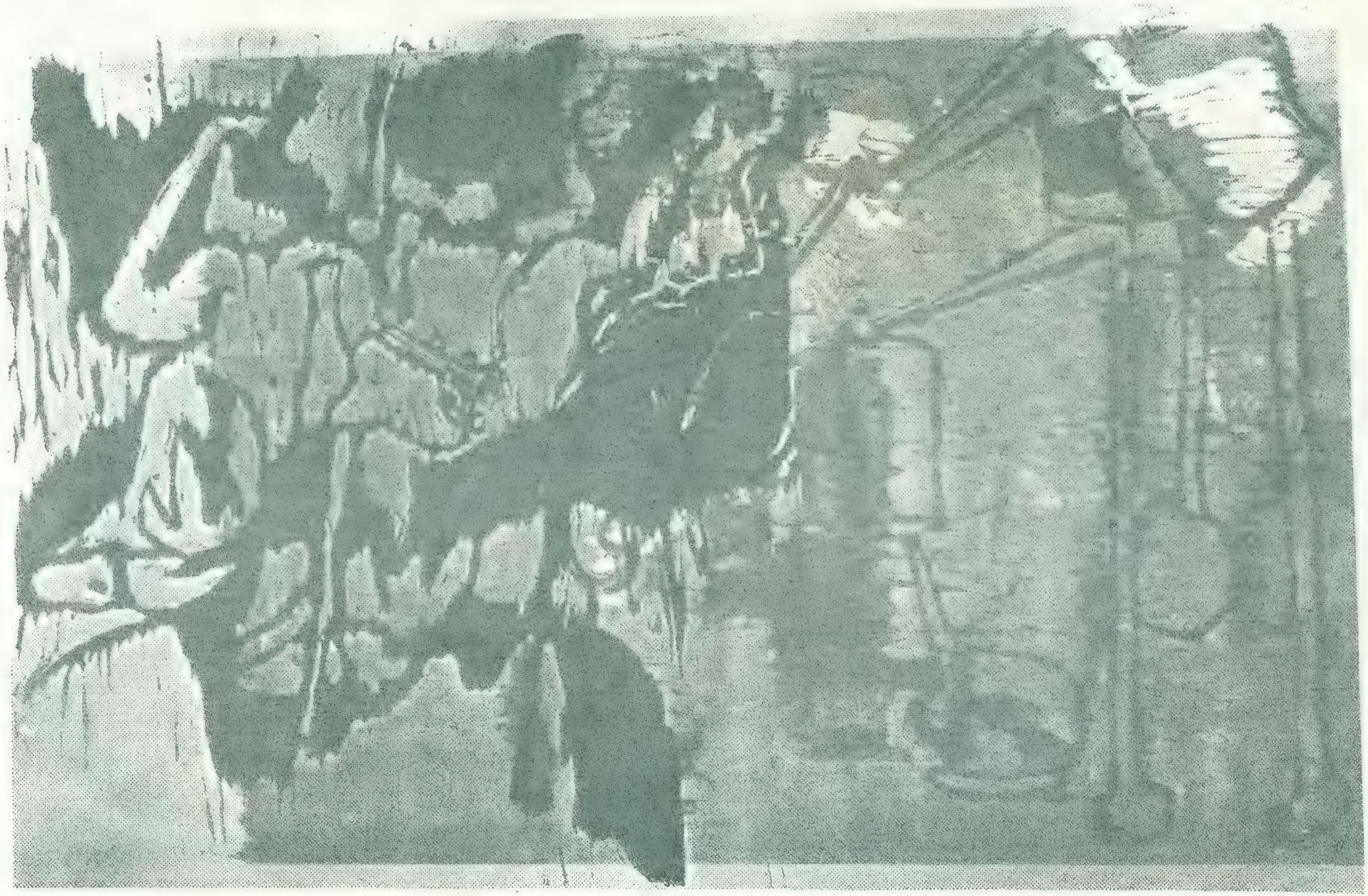
I Can See a New Day



I can see a new world
A new world coming fast
When all men are brothers
And hatred is forgotten at last.

I can see a new man
A new man standing tall
With his head high and his heart proud
And afraid of nothing at all.





alone

i walk through the wood, a myriad of goldenlovely leaves surrounding, and i try to think. Solitude is a good comfort, a good comfort for thoughts, for wishes and hope. And here i am among creaking trees, old and sentient. And there is golden fruit basking in the sun. The path leads to a small clearing where an opening in the trees allows about five square feet of earth to be bathed in sun. There i lie down and dream, and think....And does she like me...why sometimes do i know and other-times i can't (god, i can't know at all) but she doesn't let me know - and long black hair cascading down her back covering half her body - and i yearn, god! what is it i want, you know i want to find it and yet you don't let me -- why can she look at me, sometimes, with an I want you look and sometimes a very bored Peter what's to do? and i don't know what's to do. and then we walk through the wood together yet do i take her hand no but i want to so badly.

i plummet into a cave-abyss of long spiders and bristles, muddy and dank, and so cruel. Yet above, in the light, i can smell sweet fruit and do not try to reach it. i remain muddled.

muddle, muddle, and
Plummet
Further
down god!
help me i fall
i don't know where.

And yet all around there is fruit, basking in the sun so innocent and kind. And the pit i'm in is cold. It's harsh, and black rabbits are dancing around a pool of black ink, and i cry.

When she smiles sometimes it warms my cold hands and i am happy. Yes, very happy. She can be so nicewonderful, and yet why is she mean to me.

"Mean to you. Oh Peter stop it."
"But you are, you are you are." d
o
w
n

to my little pit and i
cry
because
i'm not allowed to
cry in real life.

And it hurts to think that she treats me as she treats other boys and i yell "Dammit, care for me as i care for you!!" But she doesn't hear because i only yell that when she isn't near me.

And sometimes, when it rains, i sit in the Wood and am sheltered by the trees and i look up and say

"god! why do you make it rain, i don't like the rain!" Then i say "And look at the mess my world is in. You are not good for us, and dammit i'm not afraid of you. And i'll fight you and die(and perish forever) and the sun will shine and people will laugh! But i do not fear you!" And there is golden fruit basking in the sun.

And sometimes, when the sun shines and the trees filter the light, in the Wood, i laugh and say,

"Life, i want to grab you and take a big piece out and save it for when my heart rains."

PETER HERBST



Time curled round
and licked the mossy
weeping willowed forests,
Bedded itself against
the dusty desert dunes:
                Sinking
through air coils of cloud,
like mountains falling,
falling to dust and sand.
Twirling, time turned
around---laughed, and
poked its way through
glassy tides pulling
blue oceans back.
Then surged for dream.

Rena Rosenwasser

Passing Thought

I once thought to myself
That it was in my deepest depression
That I was happiest to be alive -
Just for the sake of being philosophical...

And then, when I was sad,
I laughed at myself -
Such a silly thing to say...

Naomi Cohen

No Strings

One night as I was wandering about camp I suddenly felt very sad and wanted to find someone with whom I could share my misery. Seeing a light in the Rec Hall, I ran in, but nobody was there. I sat down, started to cry, and fell asleep. A few minutes later I awoke and, to my amazement, all the marionettes in the shop were dancing about. Then, a devil with horns and a tail came up to me and spoke of his little world in the shop!

"I bet you don't know how we're made. First of all, our bodies are made of wood blocks hinged to feet, legs, arms, and hands. The head is oversized; it's about one-fifth of the whole marionette. Our arms and feet are made of cilastic, a plastic imbedded cloth, molded over clay. The head is then molded in a similar way. The face, feet, and hands have a varnished finish over paint. And last of all, our costumes are made with great skill and planning."

After a very interesting lecture by the devil I fell back asleep. The next thing I knew, I was sitting up in my own bunk. Was I really ever in the Rec Hall? Did the puppets really come to life?

DAVID DEIFIK


FLATBUSH AVE BKLYN

Call Me Jo, Sir

(Dialogue overheard as a camper and parent approach the Highly Aesthetic Sculpture Shop.)

CAMPER: Dad, here is the Highly Aesthetic Sculpture Shop, directed by that world renowned sculptor, Johann Michael Jochnowitz.

JO: Hi, Ed. Are these your parents?

CAMPER: Why yes, Jo.

DOUBTFUL FATHER: I hate to say this, Mr. Jochnowitz...

JO: (interrupting) Jo, to you, Sir.

FATHER: (still doubtful) As I was saying...I hate to say this, but your shop gives me the awful impression of being a garbage dump.

UNDERSTANDING JO: Yes, I agree. To the layman it looks like nothing, but to the sculptor - Voila! - gold, my good man.

STILL SOMEWHAT IN THE DARK FATHER: O.K., but what does a bunch of gold junk have to do with sculpture? Excuse me---aesthetic sculptor?

LEARNED BUCK'S ROCK PRODIGY: Well, Dad, you can make a...well, a high form of artificial life like Jo[illegible]n's Teaching Machine.

DAD: (taking out his Marlboros as he tries to regain his composure) Would you like one, Jo?

JO: Why yes, thank you.

JOHANN: ([illegible]ng people after Dad departs) A lesson in life, friends. Be nice to people and you'll get a smoke gratis.

JO: (to his aesthetic CIT) Snack for 67, please.

EDDIE YELLIN

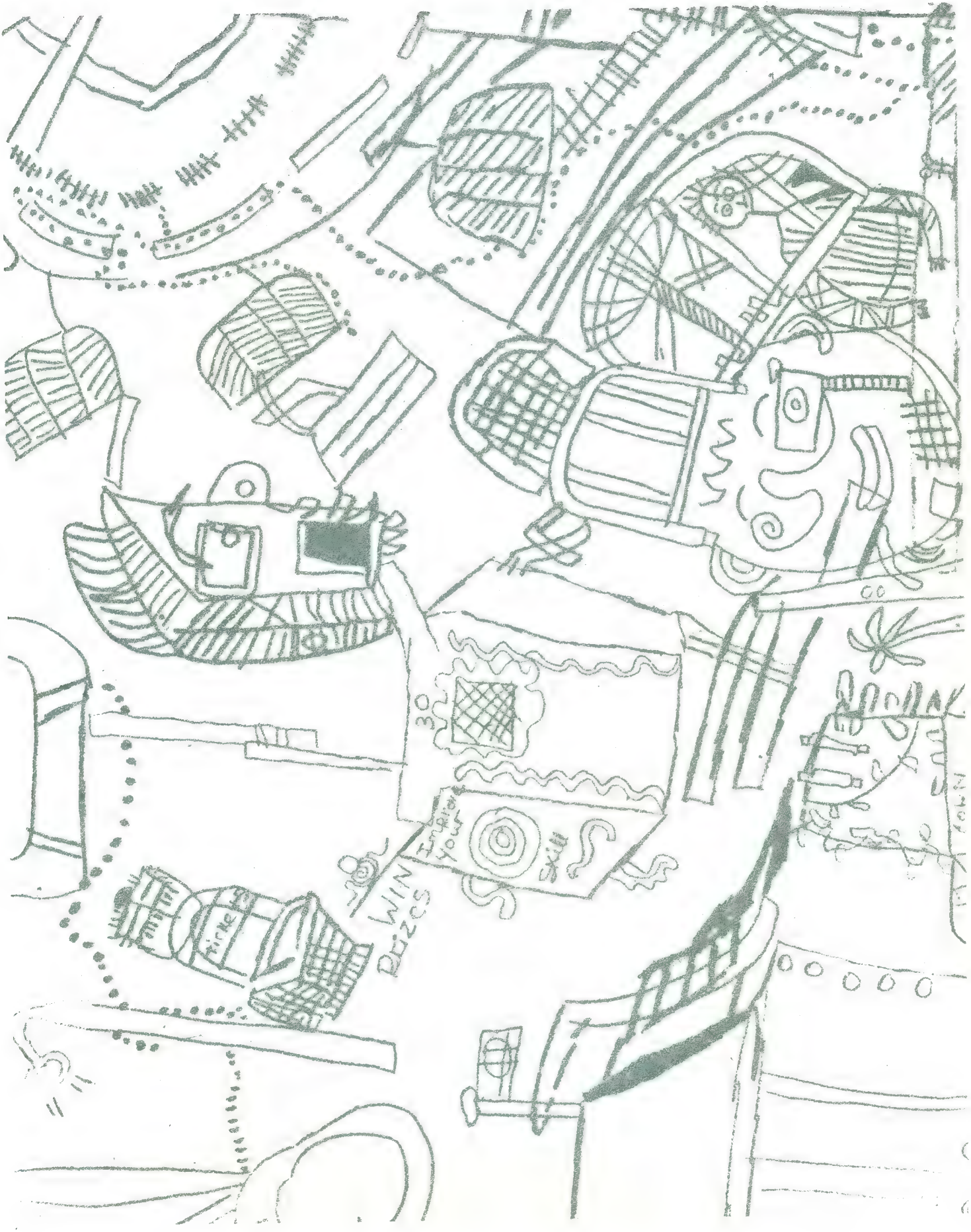
They're Mine!

I've never been too deft with my hands. I tried knitting last summer, but in the fall I became so involved in school that I completely forgot about it. I have never drawn too well either, nor can I sculpt, so what can I do with a pair of reusable hands besides manipulating a pen and dialing a telephone for ten months of the year?

Before this summer, I had never made anything useful. Yet, when I came here and saw the Weaving Shop, I realized that my guitar was strapless. It wouldn't be such a bad idea for me to make a guitar strap, I thought. And so I did. It was pretty bad, and it took me what seemed like years to finish, but finally I created something useful. I am now finishing a silver pendant which gives me a thrill every time I work on it.

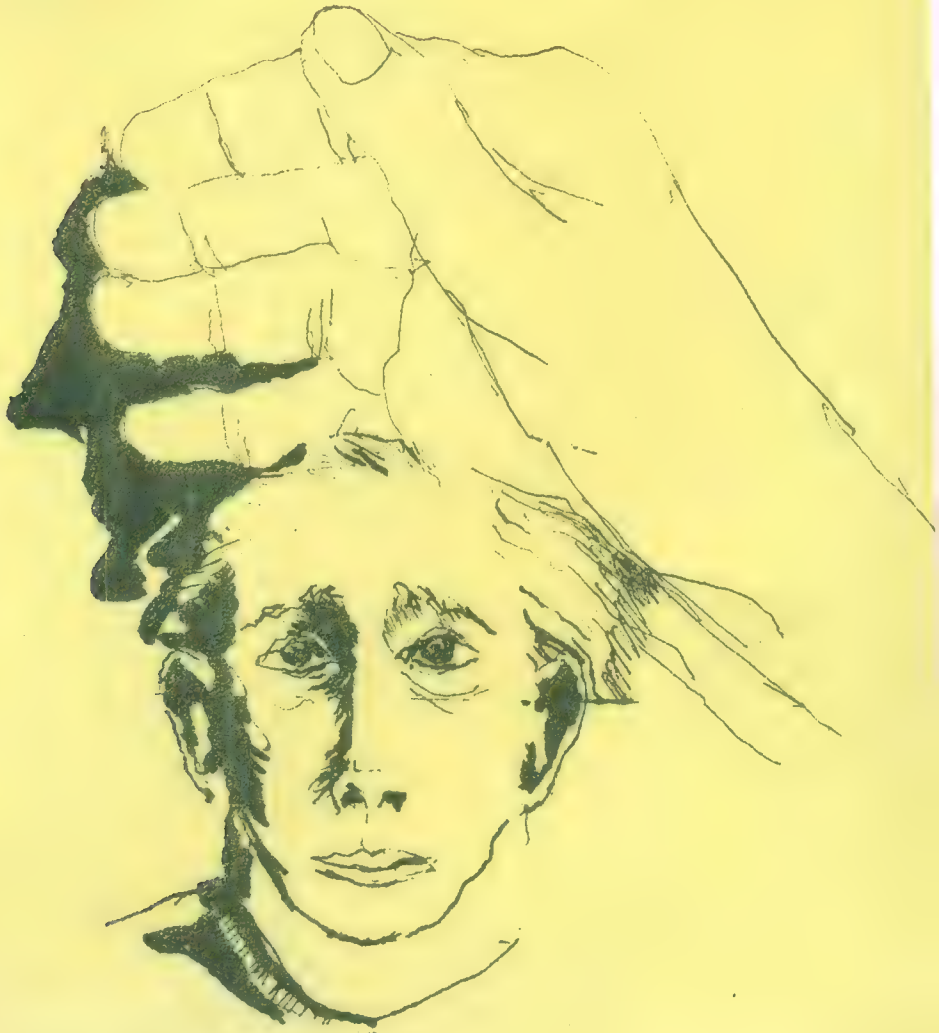
My main interests are--not among the creative arts, but there is a certain fascination in making something by yourself. Almost everyone is somewhat insecure and needs to be a little possessive of something. Perhaps the act of creating helps to satisfy this need. I, at least, now feel certain that if I am stripped of everything and left standing in the middle of the Sahara Desert, one guitar strap and one half-finished silver pendant will always remain to comfort me.

NAOMI COHEN


30
WIN
DOZES
Enhance your
skill

lamb white days

This paradise,
Innocent as infancy,
Running free with children
Under their cloudward
Careless cries
Through grey-haired groves
In shade and grass and sun
Back in those fine, fictioned days
We mourn so long.
Under the summer-grown
Branches' orb
We rant the bright,
Seething air,
Scorching the sand-wending
Wind, glorious
In our shadowed joy.



Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
In the moon that is always rising,
Nor that riding to sleep
I should hear him flying with the high fields
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.

FERN HILL...Dylan Thomas













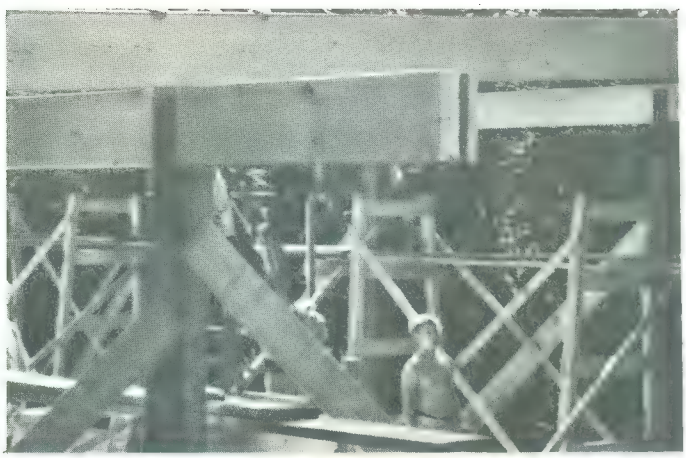


















Blue Boy

And if anybody who ever
saw anything
Quite like blue boy sitting around
in yesterday's suit---
Like he did that day between the
dry murky bark of tomorrow's rain
---ever wondered why it was it
Didn't snow then when the chill went
through my spine
(on that harsh, harsh, windy wild oh no day)
Gasping
quite
alone.

Maybe you've seen him
flying on sail
white wings
Or in the billowing wail
of winter's past
(tightly bound-behind)
I know; to see him cry
chilling forests alive
in his tears---
Sitting, how the wind blistered,
blistered blue boy
there.

Take hold day, night, year, eternity
When blue boy sits
Gasping
quite
alone.

Rena Rosenwasser

Was It Ever So?

There was a time when this camp of ours was a serene haven of creativity, undisturbed by the jarring notes of modern organization:

> *"Laundry day starts off with a jarring note---the gong!"*
>
> Yearbook, 1953

When the beauty of aesthetic values was unmarred by other interests:

> *"For the tenth annual year Buck's Rock has had sports tournaments, which now include tennis and badminton as well as the initial ping-pong."*
>
> Anniversary Issue, 1952

When the calm of work upon the leave-strewn grass was undisturbed by the roar of construction:

> *"A picturesque addition to the Buck's Rock campus is the new stage, modern to the core and glamourously outfitted with two dressing rooms, recording equipment and lights."*
>
> I Know Where I'm Going, 1950

When food for thought was a stream of excited chatter tossed across the dinner table:

> *"Don't hustle your bustle, Russell!"*
>
> Yearbook, 1951

Those were "the lamb white days"...or so they say.

SUE SCHWARTZ

Pre-season

Camp was nearly empty. The trucks were lined up, as they had been the year before, in the parking area near the Social Hall. Everything looked the same---the pre-fabs, the houses, the shops, the gong. A run down to the new stage satisfied me that it had weathered the winter and that the woods beyond it were as lovely as ever.

It was strange---like the feeling I had during the winter as I watched the snow fall. (I had imagined a sunny, fragrant morning--- people laughing and talking at the volleyball courts, the ping-pong players and fencers, people with guitars sitting on the hill. They were all singing a beautiful-strange song, something about happiness. I didn't know what the song was.) Quickly, though, I awoke from my reverie, watched the snow, and mused on how much of school was left.

God! How different camp was without people. I walked the road leading out of main camp and passed the tennis courts. I didn't know exactly where it would lead me, for I had never gotten past the infirmary last summer. The sun was out in full force now, yet the trees which hung over the road afforded me enough shade. As I walked further I detected the buzzing sound of the power lines. When I reached them I could feel the electricity. I sat on a rock above the road and looked out at the at the mountains. I was happy...Here we were---the mountains, the power-lines, the road, and myself.

I must have sat there for hours, because when I climbed down to the road it was dark. I walked slowly back to camp, fearing to meet people, because I knew they would break my dream-world. They would bring me down to reality. But when I reached the oak tree I could hear no human sounds. I looked out at the camp. It was July 2. All was still.

PETER HERBST

Rhyme

My poems
no longer rhyme

They cannot be read
in a lilting tone
by a schoolgirl
wearing braces
and anklets
and a middy blouse

For, today
my life does not rhyme
and is not
ABBA

Emmy Weiner

Purposefulness

As the dust-cloud swiftly runs across the desert
It brings to mind a child running, crying to its mother.
And many questions are thought
But never asked.

Guy Michel



catcher in the wry

First of all, I just want to say that I didn't want to come to camp at all. But my parents thought I should go, and of course they had to pick a good one. I didn't really mind too much that they picked Buck's Rock. My sister Phoebe had to go to a rah-rah camp with little polo shirt emblems and all. The idea of a work camp seemed kind of phony, but when I saw Dr. Bulova he didn't talk too much about the work so that was all right. Bulova acted very cheerful about seeing me and kept asking what I was going to do this summer. I told him that I couldn't know what I was going to do until I did it, and that I'd like to do some of that Print Shop stuff. He said, "All right, Holden," and showed me some etchings.

To tell the truth, I was surprised that I ever got to Buck's Rock. I mean it was just something I knew was going to happen but I thought it would fall through.

The first day was lousy. I had to unpack all my clothes and make my bed and all. My bunk was lousy too. The kids were really phony. Then we all had to go out on the lawn and hear a speech Dr. Bulova gave.

It's funny, but I was really worried about the pregnant cow. I mean, I'm not the kind of person who gets upset if an animal feels sick and all, but the goddam cow looked so heavy.

The calf wasn't due for a few weeks, but I kept thinking about the cow. I've heard about children who were born a few months early. I know that the cow can go through the whole thing herself, but this one was born in captivity and maybe she couldn't do it.

I asked one of the kids in my bunk what would happen if the calf was born early. This kid was always at the farm, so I thought he'd know. .

"God, what are you trying to do? The calf isn't due yet, so it won't be born yet. Are you trying to get me worried or something?"

So this calf was really getting me nervous. Once when I heard the cowbell for announcements I practically jumped ten feet in the air. My hand was shaking so much I could hardly hold the goddam fork.

Don't tell anyone, but I visited the cow almost every night. It was really peaceful on the farm. I mean there weren't any people making jokes and singing.

Once when I was there early in the morning two boys rode by there on bicycles. They came from down the road, I suppose, and they really looked nice. I mean they looked so goddam happy. Riding a bicycle down a dirt road at six o'clock in the morning is a happy thing to do.

They decided to look at the animals, and when they went into the farm they saw me sitting there. They looked kind of scared, so I told them that I was the caretaker and asked if they wanted to see the cow.

It was so goddam nice to see them watching the cow as if she were the most wonderful thing in the world. After a while they said they had to go home to breakfast. I offered them a package of some lousy cereal I had taken the morning before at breakfast. They looked like they wanted to, but they said, "No thank you, sir." They were so polite and all. I suppose their mother told them not to accept food from strangers.

Finally one night I was sitting by the road smoking and thinking when about a thousand goddam kids came running at me. They were shouting about the goddam cow, so I ran with them. I mean I really ran fast. When I got to the farm I was coughing like hell. I can't run very fast without losing my breath. The farm was so quiet and I was coughing and I felt like I was laughing at a funeral.

The cow was the calmest one there. Everyone was either gaping or looking important. I hated them and I hated the people who were making jokes.

So I was waiting there practically crushed to death and people were getting bored. The cow was groaning. I was wondering why the hell someone didn't do something. Suddenly they turned the goddam lights on. I wanted to run over and turn them off but I couldn't, because the calf was out. It happened so goddam fast, and everyone kind of gasped and I stopped breathing. I mean I had been waiting for so long and now it was all over and the calf was fine.

I was so happy, I started trembling like hell. People began to leave and a counselor came over and told me to go away. But I just sat there shaking and smiling into the dark while the cow licked the calf.

AMITY KAYE

SAILING THROUGH OLYMPUS

Clouds comb the domes of towering Olympus.
High on a feather bed of crimson clay
He laughs alone,
While thunder-bolts singe the mountain rims
Drying the dying depths of shrill-throated nightingales,
Pinned to the mountain, dove-wings clasped
To rock---then rain falls.
Sudden showers stilling night,
Soft lispy mists rusting chain,
And there are no waves to glide on after the rain.
Zeus threw a pebble half way round the world!
What about you,
Staunch, sure-footed, belladonna cowboy
Riding off and away
Into the sun that turns off and on
Like a gleaming bubble, red-orange sky light?
Hero of heroes,
Saviour of clam-white silk-sheathed dove bodies
Under prism water-green nights, then
Smooth spurs jab, breaking water-calm dawns,
And Zeus plucked untouched green flowered fawns.
Pegasus sailing through, behind him
A silver-white mane flying,
Slashing the night like Zeus on angel wings,
Heels grind into the silver flesh.
Atop Zeus' bristling towers---
Cowboy on a horse
Stand alone in the wind that never dies,
Flying high through the never-ending skies
On a stormy night
over Greece.

RENA ROSENWASSER



Life in the Boys House

There's nothing interesting to write about the Boys House. Why? I don't know. I'm never in it. There's no reason to be in it. You can have more fun out of the Boys House. There's nothing to do in the Boys House. Besides the lights never work. The chains on the lights don't work---sometimes they come out; sometimes they don't pull. Then there's the showers---one of them just spurts water and it spurts just cold water and it doesn't spurt hot water. And the other one doesn't work. Then there's the piano---well they tried to fix it and there are our counselors. One of them always sleeps in the morning and the other one wakes us up; then the next morning the other one sleeps and the other one wakes us up. Also we only have one fan in the Boys House and that's in the room next to me and it gets very hot. There's the gong. What does that have to do with the Boys House? Being right next to it we hear it too loud and that's why we're never in the Boys House so that we won't hear it. Oh, the thick walls. Whenever anyone moves over on the other side of the wall you can hear it very plainly. Speaking of the walls, on the other side of my wall there's the shower so we can hear the shower spurting on the other side of the wall. Then there are the O.D.'s. They're very loud and you can always see..and they also like to...no forget that... they're very loud and very devious... and they never do their job. The next room could be screaming all night while they're eating snack. And then there aren't the----what can I call 'em---cupboards. There's another feature we have. There's no door at the entrance to the south wing. Then there's also after the night gong when the CIT's are playing ping-pong under windows. It's just that you can hear the ping-pong balls bounce. As I said, there's nothing interesting to write about the Boys House because no one's ever in it because no one ever wants to do anything in it. We have more fun outside.

STEVE SUSKIN

Overnight

I still hear the chirping crickets and hushed breathing of my friends. The sounds remain, but it has been a long time since I awoke in the darkness to an expanse of forest. The serenity of night was different then. The air was fresher, brisker, cooler. Cotton blouse, heavy sweatshirt, dungarees, socks, and sleeping bag were not enough to keep the outside from seeping in.

And the outside smelled and felt and tasted! The lingering aroma of a burnt twig mingled oddly with droplets of dew on fragile blades of grass and the dank softness of my mist-covered sleeping bag. Impressions mixed and blurred in the stillness of early morning. My hair was wet and stringy on my knapsack.

It is so much more comfortable to keep the outside out, so much more secure in a warm bed, surrounded by four walls and a roof. So much more secure--- yet I am strangely restless in the knowledge that two weeks ago I was in the middle of the forest on a lumpy sleeping bag, and the whole world was around me.

JOANNE ROM

Sweet Potatoes



Soon as supper's et, mommy hollers,
Mommy hollers, mommy hollers,
Soon as supper's et, mommy hollers,
Get along to bed.

Soon we touch our heads to thepillow
Go to sleep right smart.

Soon's the rooster crow in the mornin'
Gotta wash our face.

Come, Let Us Cultivate

"O.K., kids. The row between the carrots and the parsley has to be cleaned out. Grab a hoe and get to work." Clean out a row? Me? I didn't even know what that meant. But don't worry---Ifound out quickly enough. "Start chopping---every weed is an enemy. Give that poor parsley enough room to breathe. That way we might sell some." It was 9:15, and five people were on the farm.

By 9:45, things had changed. There were only two campers working and it was really hot. The loss of manpower slowed down production only slightly, but the sun didn't make work any easier. At 10:15, we finished hoeing, and had to pick up the mess. Grab rakes and start collecting. We had to cover the row five times to make sure it was clean. The top of the soil was hard and light colored, but the last turning over revealed a fertile, moist, dark brown layer which really enhanced the looks of the garden. It was 11:00. I looked back on the flat, clean, dark layer of soil, and was filled with a sense of accomplishment and pride. I had done something that I had never done before, and done it well. It was a good feeling.

But there is something incomplete about farming until it is time to harvest. Then, quite suddenly it seems, there are results, and it's all a reality---beans, peas, corn, potatoes---the list is endless. There are no concepts involved---no world problems without answers. You are working with something basic and tangible . You get away from a world of worries and complex decisions. If a crop fails, pull it up. Simplicity is everything and all problems have answers. At the Vegetable Farm, you don't have to be a philosopher, a world statesman, or a Clarence Darrow. You don't have to be concerned with democracy, communism, or anything else. You just have to be willing to get your pants dirty and work in the hot sun. And you have to be ready to be surprised, because you're going to have a good time.

FRED SPIEGEL

Children,
Slipping through sliding ponds
into deeper lagoons of
starry days and sunny nights,
blue-pink moons
and sallow noons.

Lesa Loomer

Elegy

Children are mellowed
by blood-shot glances
flashing thought-romances
of sober trances -
too soon blinding,
(as liquor is unwinding)
bitter fermentation...
and the drunkard never minding.

Lesa Loomer

Our Calf Is Born

On Thursday , August 5, 1965, one divided by two became two: a large cow, bearing the pain and suffering of labor, released her maternal load upon the world.

When I reached the animal farm that night, I saw the cow still inflated, but with the minute form of a hoof protruding from her. As more calf emerged, I became increasingly aware of the beauty of the occasion. But although my mind was stimulated, my stomach, being weak, would not behave itself.

I sat down in the sheep pen to regain my composure. When I heard a loud noise from the crowd, I stood up, went back to my old position along the fence, and saw not one but two distinct shapes. I immediately forgot my former ailment and was filled with amazement that one being could become two.

After a few moments the calf bleated, and my mood changed quickly to sadness---sadness at the thought that unlike human babies, the calf would make no noise for its entire life other than the noise it made minutes after its birth.

In order to get a better view, I went into the calf pen where I was a mere three feet from the two central figures of the evening. The calf was still covered with a moist membrane which the cow was licking off. Like most people, I stayed, hoping to see the calf stand up, but the blinking lights soon informed us that our presence was no longer desired.

MIKE BLUM


GHM

Innocent Laziness?

Although I would never dare to criticize the folksingers from Great Neck, it occurs to me that they seldom stop singing protest songs. I should add that I heartily support protest movements--- provided that the participants are in full knowledge of the facts and principles involved.

For the most part, protest is a healthy and important action, particularly when directed against hate; bigotry, war, or ignorance. However, ignorance, as well as the problems it fosters, must be combatted by knowledge and an awareness of current events. Unfortunately, too many of us at Buck's Rock have tended to rebel against these evils with little more than blind ignorance. For example, few campers were aware of the race riots raging in Los Angeles this August during which many people--- black and white---were killed. We seem eager to sing our songs, but reluctant to stay abreast of the news.

The question at hand is a difficult one. Is our ignorance a selfish attempt to completely detach ourselves from the outside world, or is it merely an innocent laziness? Perhaps it would be best to say that the answer is really a combination of the two factors. Busy here at camp with our projects and ideas, we seldom have the time to concern ourselves with matters of the world. Anyway, we seem to find it much more comfortable to simply exist in our own little niche, sing our songs and pretend to care.

PHILIP KORMAN

A spark of life
a bud
a cry
a squeal
thrust into an unknown wilderness
already splattered with the blood of progress.

A cry
a whimper
a scream
a sigh
silhouetted against the rising sun---
morning has begun.

Susan Griss

an ever-fixed mark

And men shall love one another as brothers. And love shall bloom and ascend on a twinning stem of warm and gentle flesh. Hand in hand, man and his neighbor, brothers and sisters in this old procession's pendulum. It's an old ideal, maybe a bit worn. Too bad we don't try it more often.



...love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! It is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

SONNET 116...William Shakespeare

attention

"Well, I think you're pretty stupid, that's all. I mean, to go around killing yourself. Life just isn't worth living, huh? Just because of a few hardships, you can't have fun or anything. Isn't that the idea?" Doug was sitting with his head propped up between his two fists as if he had been posed by a baby photographer.

Nancy broke in on his tirade. "No, you don't understand. I'm not going to kill myself!" She toyed with the pencil on the table. "And I'm not stupid!" To call her stupid! If anyone's stupid, she thought, it's him. Failing almost every subject, and watching those silly TV shows. Maybe I should get up and leave. I don't need to listen to his melodramatic little outbursts. Something held her back, though. Unconsciously, she was waiting for a more dramatic time to leave.

"Well, I think you are stupid. What were you doing with those sleeping pills then? Ten of them is an overdose, and you would have been dead in a few minutes. Sounds like fun, huh? Boy, have you got problems. You really have problems."

Nancy snapped the pencil in two, and stared out the window. A boy and girl walked past, holding hands and talking. A week ago, she thought, that could have been me and Doug... She took a deep breath and then said, slowly and monotonously, "Yes, I've got problems. And those sleeping pills---you'll notice that I didn't take them. It was just a bid for attention. If you knew anything about psychology, you'd know that!" She pulled her already over-long skirt as far below her knees as she could.

Doug picked up the two halves of the pencil and began to drum on the desk. "So maybe I don't know about psychology. Go talk to a psychologist then. All I know is that you were going to kill yourself. You think that's smart, huh? And if I'm one of your problems you can get rid of it right now, little girl. Just walk out the door, because I don't give a damn!"

Nancy giggled. "Gone with the wind, huh?"

"You think it's funny, don't you? You think this whole thing is one big laugh, huh? You're really stupid, you know that? Really stupid. What if someone hadn't come along and stopped you? You'd be dead." Doug pushed the small strand of hair that hung in his eyes back onto his forehead. He ran his tongue over his lips.

No, I don't think it's funny, she thought. But you wouldn't understand why I laughed. "Look, Doug, it's obvious that you don't understand. You weren't around when all this happened anyway. Who told you about it?"

Nancy thought back. A week ago. Susan's house. And Peter was there, of course. The decision that "life was hopeless." The melodramatic farewell. Then...

"That's another thing. Peter was going around saying how life didn't mean anything and how he wanted to kill himself. I wonder where he got that idea from?"

Nancy looked up. Peter told him that? She wondered. Most likely Susan did. Peter wouldn't. She remembered the double dates---Peter and Susan, she and Doug. Peter was always so sweet and diplomatic.

"Why don't you make it a party? You know, the two of you jump off a bridge or something? Maybe Susan, too. Why not the whole town? Hey! Why not even the whole world? In twenty-five years you could have the whole world commit suicide! You'd think it'd be fun, wouldn't you? Huh?"

"Doug stop it. You're not being funny. I happen to like living, in case it interests you." Nancy's foot tried desperately to squeeze back into the loafer it had kicked off a few minutes before, but Nancy didn't notice what her foot was doing. In fact, her whole consciousness had separated from the rest of her body. "I don't plan on dying for a long time."

"Oh, you don't plan on dying for a long time. When do you plan on dying? What day do you think would be right? Sometime during the summer maybe? How about July Fourth?"

Nancy was silent. A lump rose in her throat. Peter. Peter didn't really tell him. He couldn't have. Susan, of course, would. But not Peter. Peter was her friend.

She looked straight at Doug for the first time that day. There was an expression on his face she wasn't used to seeing. It was the expression she was sure all the lovers in all the books had when they found out. She prayed for the bell to ring so she could go to French. Or maybe someone would come into the room. No, she thought, no one ever walks into a conference room when there were people in it. She laughed inwardly. Two people politely conferring. About what? Homework? Making a date for Saturday night? She wondered what they would look like if someone decided to look in. She picked the dirt from under her fingernails, although there was practically none there, and waited. She was suddenly confused. Why didn't she leave? Because you are melodramatic, too, she told herself.

The door opened. "Hey, Doug, do you have any cigarettes?"

Oh God. It's Phil. Nancy shuddered. Phil was Doug's best friend, and Nancy hated him because he was stupid. She hated stupidity.

"Nope, I'm all out."

Phil sat down. "Hey, what'd you do to Nance, Doug? You got her crying."

Am I crying? Yes, I suppose I am, she thought. Oh well.

"Kill herself? Hey, Nance, don't do that. It's not healthy!"

She gritted her teeth. "I don't need two of you. I don't even need one of you!"

"Then leave." Phil looked at Doug and smiled, a bit self-consciously.

"Just remember, you need yourself!" Phil called after her. "Don't lose her!"

Nancy headed towards the girls' room to wash off the tears she was sure were staining her face. With one more choking sob she had washed away Doug forever. Her thoughts turned to the pink dress with the low neckline she had seen in Sak's. It was only twenty-seven dollars. It would be perfect for the next school dance. Yes, wouldn't it.

LORI UBELL



The Oak Tree

Tall it stands and broad it spreads, in the center.
By it we sing and listen and speak;
Under it we lie and rest in the nooning.

Thunder nor storm have worked it hurt;
Sky stands over it, earth lies under its roots.
All it watches, and sees our lives.

For others' hairs we whet our battle-knives
On intellect: "No idle brutes
Are we; a churlish dolt is he who blurts
Unreasoned thoughts of any kind."

Amidst us the oak disagrees in unlistened-to language:
Among its branches the wind blows unplanned;
About its roots the small beasts run unhampered;
The rain knows no week,
The birdsongs no tuning.

Mark Mandel

Lights

I.

One light, soft and dim,
floats along the shore,
by the water where I live,
watching silently the magic moods
of distant waves,
who, see once and only
the shadow of the light
and wonder, once,
when within the touch
of his pale glow,
why he shines.

II.

I remember you
a shade of orange which hurt my eyes,
and yours, cracked in red,
hurling sharp arrows now,
Defying, defending,
then
casting a shadow more painful,
Daring
my own, once dream-filled eyes,
to see and touch a light
which now burns alone,
blinding me always -
and to your sad colours.

Lesa Loomer

Ernst

If I am progressing along a path this summer, Ernst is both the builder of the walk and the handrail. As I make my way on the path through this dream he has created, I see him standing --- a firm figure. He is Buck's Rock, and I am grateful.

Even though I've been here for two summers, I cannot say I know Ernst as the man he really is. Sometimes he appears to me to be a stately figure to be respected and emulated. As the focal point of a psychology seminar, it seems as if he is a Samson, holding up this camp with the power of his mind, saying what I want so very much to hear from an intelligent adult.

At times I have disliked some of the things he says and does. When he speaks before the movies begin, I am impatient to see the film, but I hear him discussing problems that have been bothering me. I resent not being allowed to go barefoot or to engage in a friendly pillow fight even though I am aware of the reasons why. Yet, looking back now almost nostalgically, I think that all his actions are based on the fact that he loves this place more than we campers can fully understand. Picking up papers and closing the canteen are his ways of protecting the world he has created.

Some of the campers fear him and think he is watching them, as a scientist observes guinea pigs. It is not for me to say how much he understands about us, but If he is puzzled with us at times, it is because we change so quickly. The world changes so quickly, and we are puzzled by ourselves. As he stands on the hill above us I think he is seeking a way for us to grow up better than others have.

I wish never to leave Buck's Rock. It's not New Milford that draws me, it's not the gourmet cooking,

and it's not only the matter of being away from my family and on my own. The creative drive I can release here is what draws me back, and it's Ernst who implants this drive in the staff and in the campers. He is the man who has carried on the traditions of Buck's Rock for over two decades.

Although I may not return forever, the path through Buck's Rock continues to be used by other young people. Ernst is not a friend to me, nor a third parent, nor a helpful uncle. He is Buck's Rock. I am grateful for the meaningful role he has played in my life for the past two years.

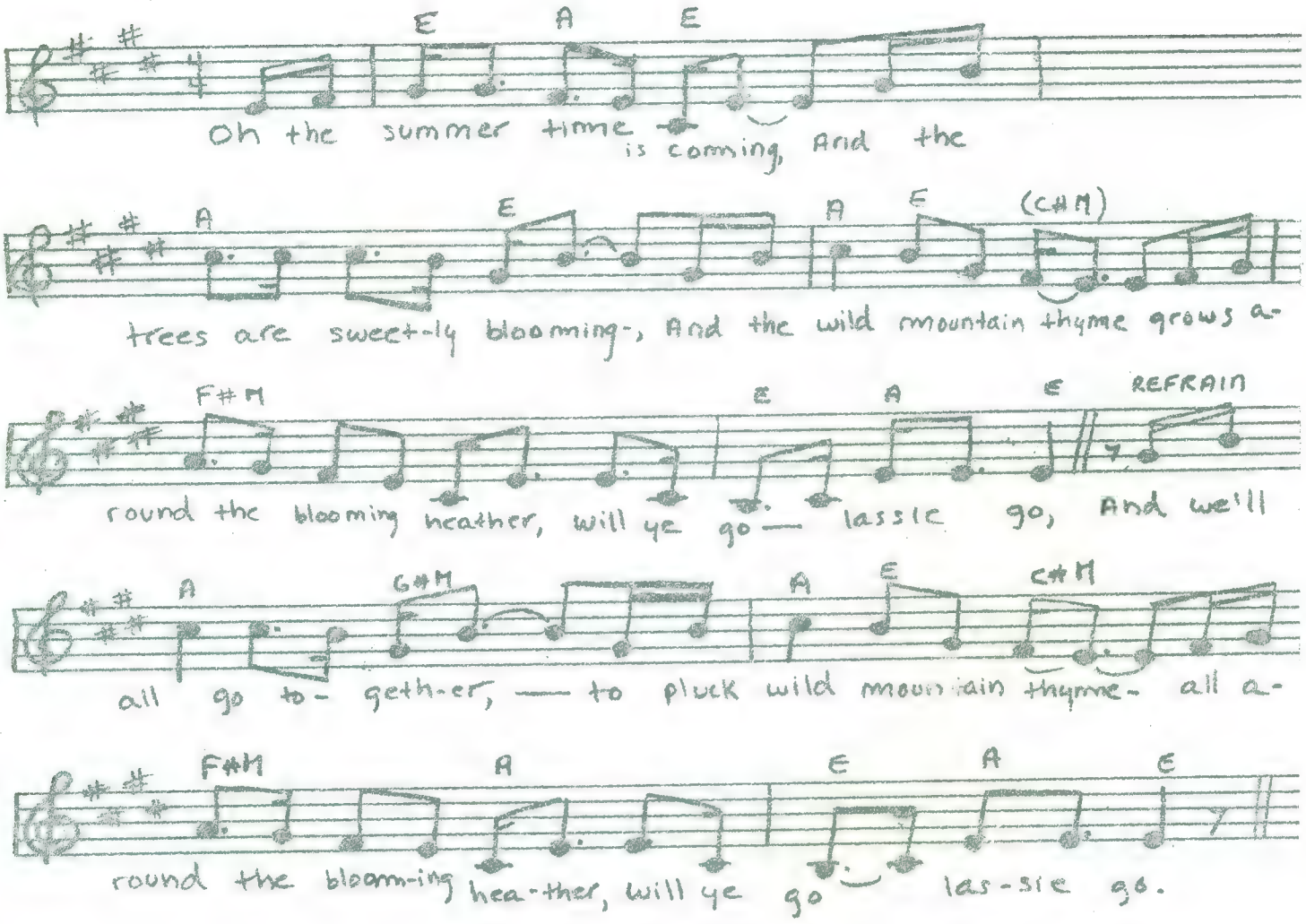
EMMY WEINER

My article is already finished and on stencil, but there is something I would like to add. Ernst told us tonight that this camp is going to be integrated next season. He has, this evening, solved one of the major dilemmas in my mind about Buck's Rock. I know now that not only does Ernst love this place and the ideals it stands for, but that he means to do something about them. And, I repeat, I am grateful.

Emmy



Wild Mountain Thyme



I will build my love a bower
By some clear crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.

If my true love she won't come
I will surely find another,
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather.

MY LOVE

Oh my love!
With fairies sweet and
scummy feet and
quaffing absurdities and
hating me silently and
cursing me and
watching for the
time
when the
dark purple swans
will fly
over
the meadow---
You scare and
awe my
lower epidermis-like anatomy with your
croaking inanities and
poisonous silences which
ravage my countryside and
instill in me a
feeling of deep
regret that I am me:
My love.

MARTIN WEISS



Guess What

Did you think, when you came to Buck's Rock, that you were escaping mommy? You must be deaf. Listen. What is that familiar voice you hear? What is it that nudges you from sleep in the morning, helpfully reminds you to wash your hands, calls you tenderly to meals, and lullabyes you to sleep each night? What is that gently guiding force which brings the subtle but necessary bit of organization into our lives here? What is it that possesses that curved body and unbending spirit? What happened when mother courage met father time? What? Our gong.

Do you, every little once in a while, display your less gentle side to mommy? Of course. It's natural. The gong is your eternal scapegoat, the uncomplaining receptacle for your frustrations and aggressions. And it is sadly taken for granted. When you say your prayers at night, is it "God bless the gong"? At noon, is it the sound of the gong you love or merely what it symbolizes? Do you write your friends at Camp Chickywhoha, "My gong's louder than your gong"? No. The gong is cursed, ignored, and even beaten. You wouldn't be so cruel to someone else's little old gong, would you? And how many of your own mothers are in perfect b flat tuning?

LESA LOOMER

And falling backwards
into
black Space
Away from the
Womb
is cold.

Peter Herbst

Deserted

That tree that soared
and searched
and wasn't satisfied
with the sky---

It was seeking
in every direction
and didn't stop until
its last leaf was
gone.

It died
and never told
me what answers
it had found.

Emmy Weiner





Why The Guitar?

People occasionally ask me why I spend so much time playing the guitar---why I don't do something more "creative." The question is often facetious, and I usually ignore it. But the answer, if there is one, lies somewhere in past memories.

I remember playing my guitar in Central Park on a hot, summery day, with my feet in the rowboat lake. Some people came rowing by, stopped, and invited me to row around with them. Soon there were ten boats following us---and everyone was singing "Matilda."

I remember walking into a card store in the east fifties and playing for the man who was behind the counter. I remember going back there a second time a few months later and talking with him for a few hours over a free cup of coffee.

I remember walking into a place where I didn't know anybody. A stranger came over, inquired what kind of guitar I had, and asked me to play. Later, he became one of my best friends.

I remember a day in Central Park when Ian Tyson and Sylvia Fricker came walking by. Sylvia's feet were dirty, so she sat down on the edge of the fountain to wash them, while Ian showed me how to play "Four Strong Winds."

So if I must answer those who doubt the value of a guitar, I would say that it is a key to friendship and meeting people, which is really the most important thing of all.

EDDIE GODNICK

Freedom

I used to fear the paces of others---
fear their endless races
and featureless faces,
fall through empty spaces
till---
I broke their braces;
forgot the traces of faces and places
and found my own.

Lesa Loomer

A NOOSE'S FIGURE

The transition's scaffold looms high,
Bare as flesh in the eye of the preoccupying storm;
At its foot I stand
Alone and vanquished
By my rash ventures---
Love's haunting fever
Staled to dust in the climaxing fire---
Dreaming the thirteenth step
In uncautious wonder,
Not ever as it is
Nor as I should imagine it,
Nor least as it will be then,
When I am older than this present outrage.

Jon Rose



Our Town

We set out after lunch, carefree wayfarers with five dollars worth of orders from our friends. We walk past the continually barking dog at the end of the road, past the bridge where two boys are always fishing, past the house with three cartons of empty Coke bottles forever on the front lawn. There is a sense of unreality---somehow, we seem to be walking through a picture that never changes. Cars pass, children shoot each other with toy guns, but the only change of consequence is the movement of clouds across the painted blue sky.

We walk past the fields, past the houses with fresh paint, past the houses with no paint. We wave at the people driving past us. Some wave back.

Then we are in New Milford. The woman is in her rocking chair in front of the Curiosity Shop, a man is leaning out of his window watching the quiet street, the liquor stores are open. We enter the air-conditioned world of Lautier's and have a root beer.

Our thirst quenched and our feet rested, we continue to the supermarket to wheel the carts and spend our fifty cents. Leaving, we seem to leave home behind us. The supermarket has all the advantages of "civilization"---animal crackers, candy, green stamps, and Musak.

The streets are not as comfortably impersonal as the efficient, shiny stores. We saunter down Main Street in jeans and workshirts. The sidewalk is crowded with women and their unsmiling children who stare intently at the store windows. A few people smile, some stare, most don't notice us.

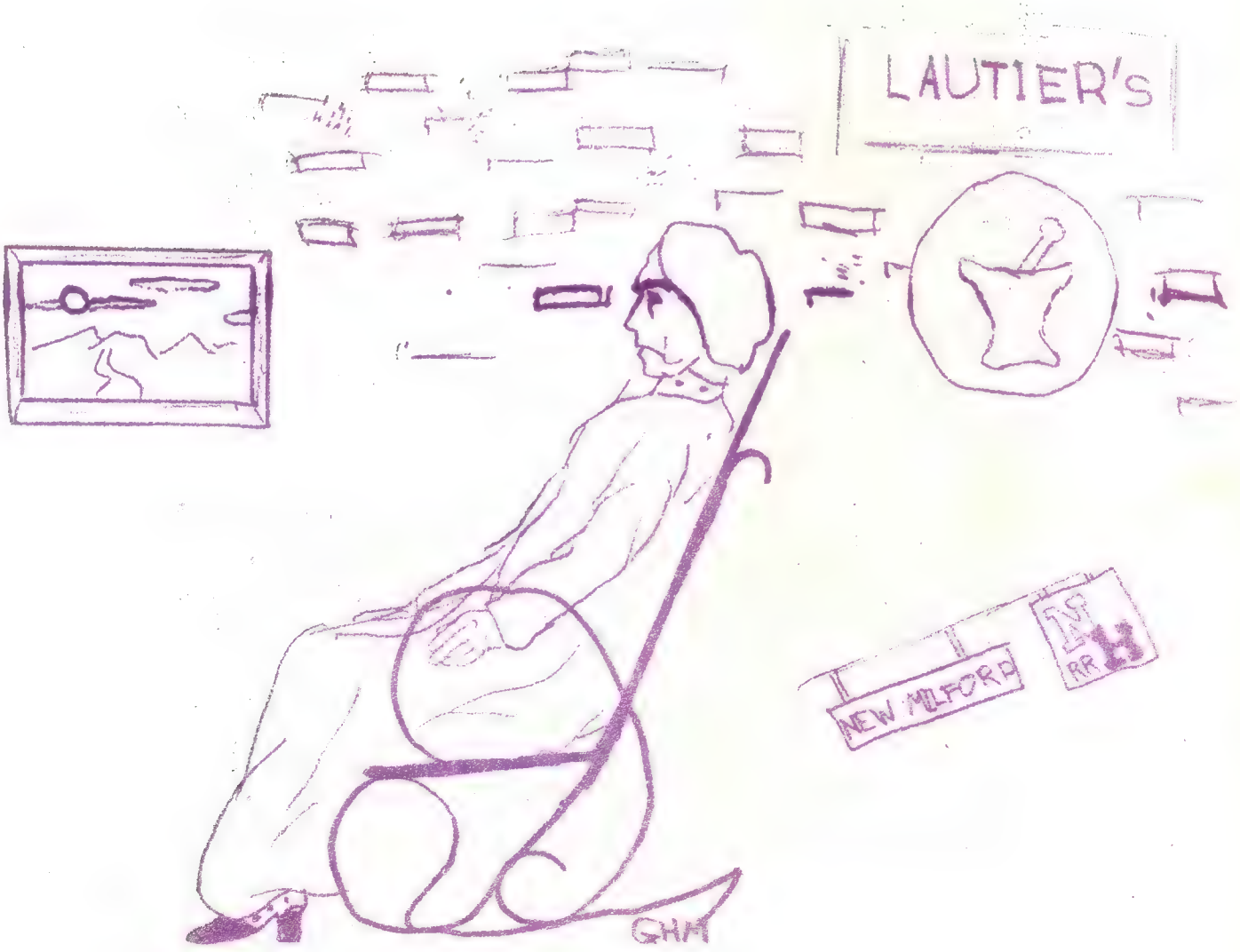
A train is leaving as we walk back. It is toy-like, with a red caboose and an engineer who, predictably, pokes his head out the window of the locomotive and waves to an invisible stationmaster.

Our voices sound loud in the hot stillness of the

road. Nobody had moved while we were gone...the same people are doing the same things. They look sleepier, but then we are tired.

A camp truck stops to pick us up. The wind blows our hair back. It feels good to stand with our heads in the clouds.

AMITY KAYE



Conn Men (And Women)

The following is a true report of an incident that took place on July 18, 1965. Names have not been changed to protect the guilty.

10 a.m.: Campers Stark, Levinson, Korman, Fine, and Greenberg nonchalantly assemble at milk machine according to prearranged plan and make last-minute plans for lunching at internationally known hide-out, Conn's Dairy Bar. Danger lurks everywhere.

11:17. Again the group meets. Tension rises as escape moment nears. Money and order blanks from friends are stashed away in pockets, cuffs and shoes; wallets would be too conspicuous.

11:30. Group approaches sign-out sheet and hesitates. Skipping lunch is taboo and writing incorrect time on sheet would be unethical. They wait.

11:45. First lunch gong rings. To ease consciences, they grab cups of juice and drink them down.

11:56: No longer guilty, the group checks out. At last minute, they are joined by camper Lawrence.

12:02: They start walking. Trailblazer Greenberg slips on path to waterfront. Group laughs. From waterfront to willow tree, road is hot and conversation feeble. To relieve tension they sing "Supercalafragilisticexpialadotious."

12:03-12:39: They trudge past cows, Zenith television company, nasty children, and Connecticut Power Plant---New Milford branch. Each step brings them closer to ice cream, nice unkosher bacon, and horsemeat hamburger.

12:40: Group reaches Conn's and major turning point in their lives. Are they wasting their summers by not taking full advantage of facilities at their disposal?

12:41-12:42: Discussion of the above.

12:43: Orders are placed.

1:07. Luncheon is served. Group notices two counselors. Two counselors notice group. There is gentlemen's agreement that neither sees the other.

1:30: Lunch devoured, six bloated campers feel too bloated to walk back to camp. Camper Korman decides to hire a cab.

1:31: Agent Stark, taking initiative and New Milford phone book, reaches Thomas K. Reynolds Taxi and Limousine Service. Stark uses disguised voice; Reynolds receptionist uses rude voice:

S: I'd like a taxi for six from Conn's to Buck's Rock...(whispered aside) Quit giggling, Levinson.

R: Six what? That will be $5.00.

S: Can't you make it less?

R: What size people?

S: We're little people.

R: (icily) $4.00 to the Buck Rock road.

1:45: Group waits for rendezvous with taxi. Lower jaws drop as black 1951 Cadillac limousine, hearse-type, complete with jumpseats, arrives to drive them back to work camp.

1:51: During ride back, collective excuse is prepared. "All had felt faint, making walking physically impossible."

2:01: Ten chauffeured minutes are up. Mercenary cab driver lets group off at Wellesville Avenue and Buck's Rock Road. He is reluctantly tipped 50¢. He does not deserve it.

2:02: Member of kitchen staff sees six delicate, suffering, fragile campers en route to camp. He offers ride which they readily accept.

2:05: Group checks in and immediately reports to dispensary for Kaopectate.

NANCY GREENBERG

Somewhere between loneliness and passion
There is love
A single strand of time twisted
between two hands
Held fast.

In the heights of ecstasy
In the depths of despair
Somewhere
There is love.

Sue Schwartz



I DESERVE A EULOGY

Jerry hates me:
I cannot find out why.
But I don't like Jerry
So it doesn't matter.

The people next door
Push the wall in
And will not let it stand.
Oh, someone there is
Who doesn't love a wall
And it's not Robert Frost.
I pound on the wall with my shard
When they push it through
And then I fit it back
Like a mosaic.
And then they push it out again.
Their mothers hated them.

The Italics typewriter
Hates everybody.
It skips spaces
And messes up the ribbon.
It's impossible.
It only likes me.
But I spurn it
For vogue and cubistic.
It will die of love.

Vittore ---
Fair-haired Baron of Nagy-Kun ---
Hates me.
He is first in line
To murder me.
And Wendy is next.
And David is next.

It's sort of nice
To be hated.
Now I'm sure I exist
Because people
Care enough
To hate the very best.

Say I'm growing old,
But add
Jerry hates me.

I deserved a eulogy.

JOHN H. YCHALEM


RICHARD MABLOW

lightning flashes

The lightning descends, howling an echo to our crying voices-in-the-desert. Summer wind dies in fire. So now is the time to be sober; now, to think, to see with faithful eyes. For the time of trial is upon us, and violent men stand tall in the storm.



...The climate, the social climate of American life, erupted into lightning flashes, trembled with thunder, and vibrated to the relentless, growing rain of protest come to life through the land....

WHY WE CAN'T WAIT...Martin Luther King

Lonesome

Coolies are killed in the
Light of dawn.
Manholes lie in
Weight for the
Wearisome traveler:
I love not my country,
Floundering in the midst
Of a great upheaval,
Although
I do like
My bread.

Cockroaches croon in the
Light of dawn,
As my body
Falls in
Pieces:
Conquering heroes lie in
Wait for
Striding
Gargantuan
Images of
Hairy legs and
Crooning eggs.

Limitless artificial
Passages of my
Mind's
Eye.

Martin Weiss

Laugh I

Loch Ness monster
Skipping around, good
Feelings abound, as
Long Island Sound, drowns
Us all around, and

Kootchie-wootchie
Shovels the ground, and
Every thing goes puff.
Puff!

Martin Weiss

Death

Willow trees bend down to me
and tell me that they can cry no more:

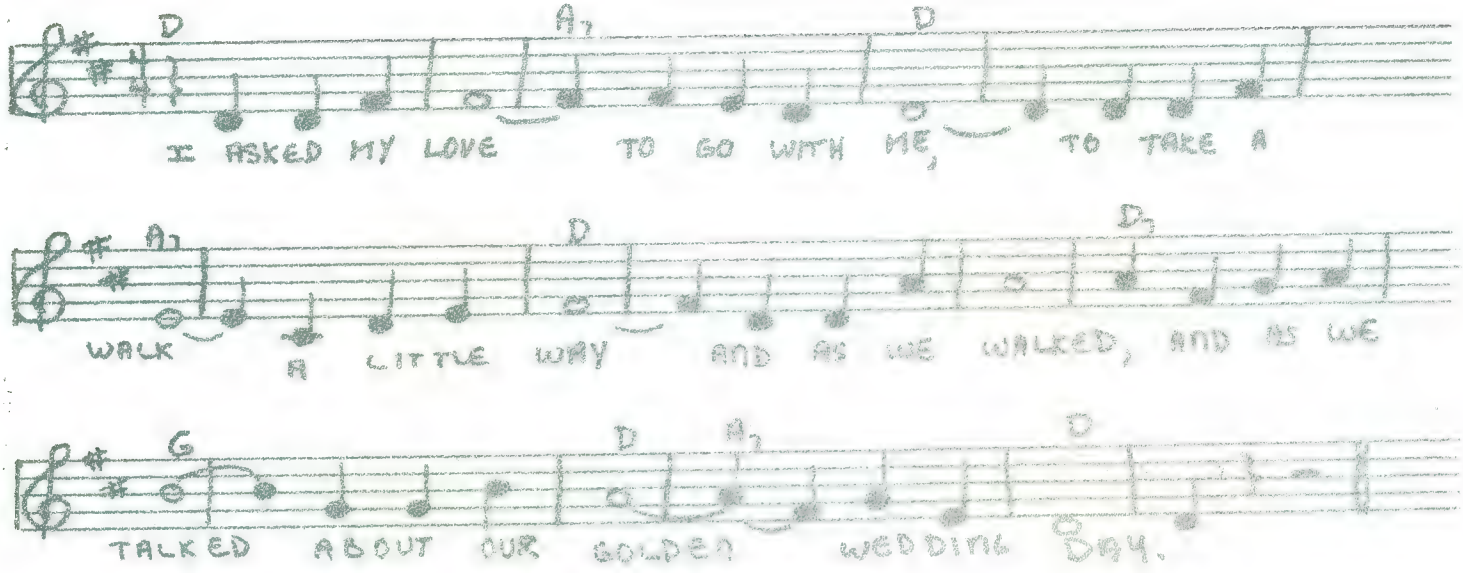
The grass lifts up its head and says
that it will grow no more:

"The time has come,"
life tells me:

"I have come," the shadow
whispers.

Eddie Godnick

Banks of The Ohio

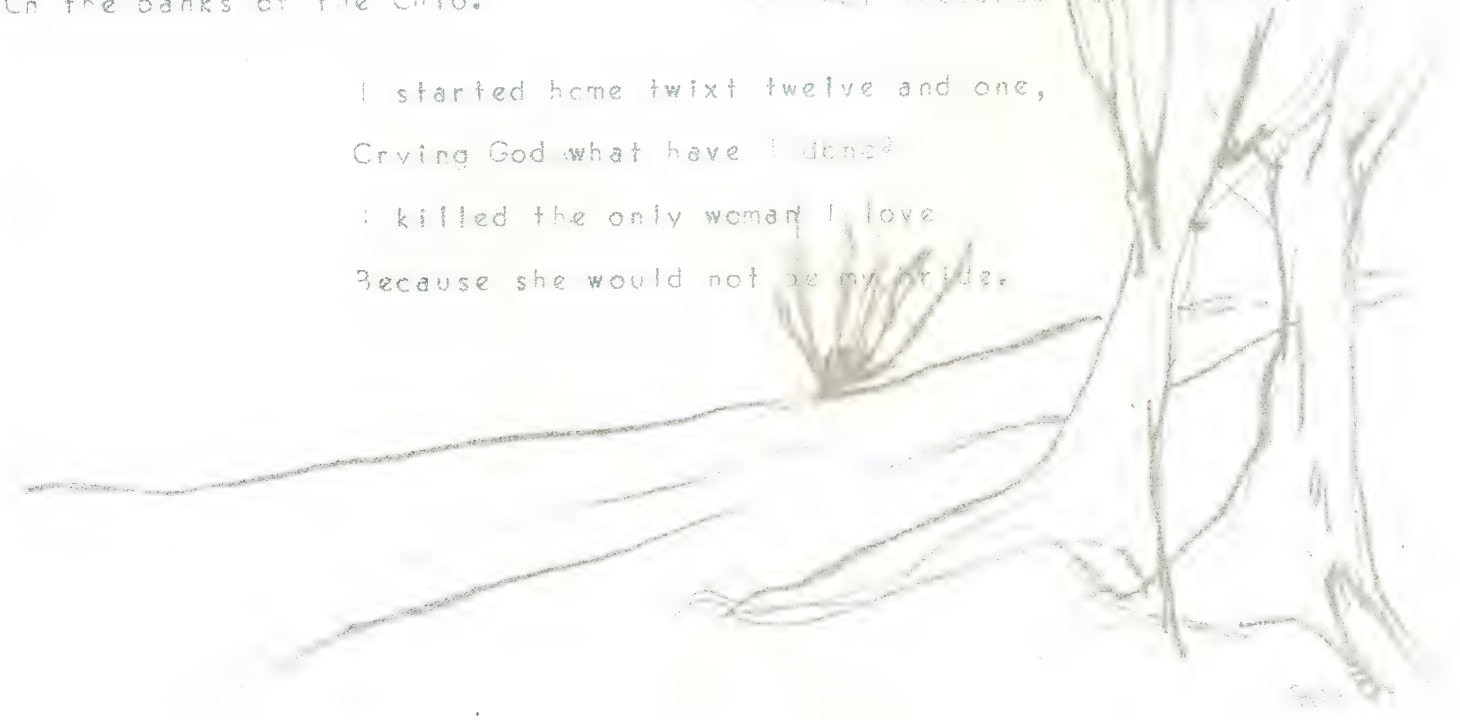


Chorus:

Then only say that You'll be mine,
In no other arms entwine
Down beside where the waters flow,
On the banks of the Ohio.

I held a knife against her breast,
As into my arms she pressed,
Crying Willy, oh Willie, don't murder me,
I'm not prepared for eternity.

I started home twixt twelve and one,
Crying God what have I done?
I killed the only woman I love
Because she would not be my bride.









The Animal Auction

You are all barbarians! Every one of you who eats meat is, in my eyes, barbaric. Does it not hurt your consciences to sit down to dinner and eat the flesh of an animal that once walked, breathed, ate, and slept? Probably not. I was once like you--meat eating and meat loving---never caring that an organic being had been murdered for the sake of my good meal.

Then I went to the animal auction where I experienced enough disgust and outrage to tip the scales and make me a vegetarian. We saw animals ready for auction in crowded places---dark, smelly, disgusting. In "death row" were cows(two pregnant) and lambs waiting to be butchered the next day. At the auction itself, the handlers were equipped with three-inch wide boards, used all too readily on pigs who did not meet with the handlers' approval. Lambs were grabbed around the throat with canes when they went in the wrong direction.

Since that day I have eaten no meat. For the past few weeks I have preached no sermons and led no movements. My action is a personal and private affair. But although I shall not force my conclusions on others, neither shall I avoid them for myself. Eating the flesh of animals is a barbaric practice which I am no longer willing to accept.

MIKE BLUM

July 30, 1965

On religion: "It is hard to conceive how any man can't be religious. I find the atheist position to be interesting but impractical. My beliefs go back to all the sources of modern religion. I don't have a specific framework."

On civil disobedience: "A person should be able to protest an unjust law whenever he feels it necessary. You ought not have to go and die for a corrupt regime."

On personal responsibility: "With what little wisdom the world is run. We must each be our own experts."

COMPILED BY MARVIN RUDERMAN



R. MASLOW

Sunnyday, nay?

Joss—

Hi! I have just been attacked by a pair of savage beasts. No, I wasn't at the Animal Farm. It was only the friendly folks from Brooklyn— Mom and Dad. First words from them— "Don't you ever wash?" Then, after crooning over the gorgeous bowl I made, (minus a faceplate, no less), they piled upon my bed, (as if you haven't noticed yet!) three boxes of pretzels, a salami, mustard, pickles, twelve cans of 7 up, brownies, cookies and a can of nuts. Note the radio on the dresser. Hey; not so loud!

We went to the White Turkey for supper. Lobster, natch! They're taking me to Stratford for King Lear so I'll be back late, but in time for the goodies.

Luv ya.

Laurie

JOANNE ROM



The Pickwick Capers

There are two outs, no one on base, and the score is eighteen to fifteen. The Malaprops are up with the Pickwickians in the field. Boys House Bob, who stands four feet six and tips the scales at $76\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., is in the batter's box. Will he come through? It's about time because no one else, including Big Bernie Unger, has come through for the last six and one half innings. Disorganization on the field has triumphed over ineptness at bat, and all thirty-three runs have been unearned.

Here comes the pitch....Whack! Boys House Bob has just blasted a short dribbler to the big shortstop. Another easy out. It looks as though that's all for the Malaprops this inning. Oh no! The ball goes between the legs of the counselor playing shortstop, and the J.C. in left field is running to pick it up. Look fans, the J.C. has suddenly tripped on something. It's the white bag covering the big pile of horse manure in left field! What a loss! Boys House Bob is now approaching second. The big CIT in center field is bounding towards the ball. Hooray! He didn't trip over the little camper playing short center field! Amazingly he fires the ball to the second baseman. But wait! There is no second baseman. He has been covering third while the counselor who is the third baseman is covering home because the catcher is a camper who can't catch. It's that simple. Meanwhile, Boys House Bob is on his way home as the ball trickles into right field. Don't give up hope yet, folks. The masculine counselor on first is throwing home to the CIT, who has pushed the little camper out of the way. It's a close play as the CIT tags Bob and drops the ball. Well, those are the breaks.

The Malaprops are victorious, and so another confrontation between two miniature versions of the New York Mets comes to a dramatic conclusion. There may be no joy in Mudville, but it's a sure thing

Power and Picasso

Hammering, nailing, knocking, clattering, crashing, blisters and, suddenly, you realize that you are no longer a child playing with toy hammers and saws, but a worker constructing a building which people like yourself will be using as a place to work in next summer.

Construction of the new Art Studio has progressed swiftly. When I first offered my services, work on the floor had barely begun. That afternoon, it was three-quarters of the way along. About an hour after the work gong the next morning, the floor was completely finished, and work was begun on the scaffolds and roof beams. Then came the roof. One third of the way through. Two thirds. Done---including skylights! The job of papering the roof came and went, as did the building of the porch. Right now, the sides have been put up and weatherproofed. One of the sides will include the entrance to the studio, a sliding barn-like door.

Next summer Ernie will announce: "Now you too can be a Picasso or a Rembrandt! Come paint in the beautiful new Art Studio and feel what it is like to be one of the great master artists of Buck's Rock. Come, come, come to the beeyooteeful new Art Studio at the morning work gong!"

And I, for one, will be able to add a footnote to the announcement: "Come, come, come. And remember, Master Artist Picasso just painted in his studio; he didn't have to build it!"

GUY MICHEL

Vietnam- "It's difficult to think about"

Write about Vietnam? But I have so little historical knowledge on which to base my opinions. I'm not a devout capitalist, communist, or pacifist. I've read a little in The New Republic, The Nation, The New York Times, and the bulletins which are thrust into my hands in Greenwich Village. I have been a momentary sounding board for radicals and conservatives. But I have never sat down and battled with the history books and pamphlets and opinions to the point where I could say to myself or to any other receptive, fairly self-centered person--- "This is how I see it; I can back up my opinions with historical facts. And here is my logical solution to the situation."

I should try to reason it out. Maybe we each owe at least that much to the Vietnamese, to China and Russia, and to our own country. But where do my thoughts go when someone mentions Vietnam? To a friend of mine who was sent there last winter. No one has heard from him since last April. And to another friend who was recently drafted. Where will he be sent? And to more friends who lately have a different expression in their eyes when they see a mailman.

I worry about these decent, often gentle people who have now become or are soon to become murderers. I worry that they will be torn by their new position. I am terrified that some will take it in stride and assume their new situation as they would a natural stage in the course of their lives. I'm worried about the ones who will settle for a desk job and react to it as to two more years of elementary algebra, never realizing that now the numbers (and they will call out hundreds) stand for dying men.

But I haven't said anything about the other side, the victims of the war. It is more difficult to put my feelings for them into words. I don't

know any of them. I'm not a peasant, have never been hungry, nor have I lived through anything that has been called a war. But I remember hearing my parents' stories of the last war---of concentration camps and mass murder---stories which come back to me now with a shocking reality when I read of the "victories" and "defeats" of this war in Vietnam.

I hate war---am I a pacifist? I believe in democracy---am I a capitalist? I think that the U.S. should mind its own business--- mmunist? We should leave Vietnam to the Vietnamese---radical? I hate murder and broken promises and politics, and I wish everyone were free. But I haven't done anything yet. It's wonderfully easy to be an idealist from afar. But when you are right there---it's difficult just to think about---and it is so much harder to decide what you, the uneducated, inexperienced, private American citizen are going to do?

LESA LOOMER



Home

The glare of a skylight
reflects broken sunshine.
My eyes were spawned in darkness
and I lived in a wall-to-wall silence,
where whispers thumped down dried stairways
shyly shouting good-bye.
Here my people were borne by shadows
and they died on a beautiful morning
when the moon broke through our skylight
wildly whispering good-bye.

Lesa Loomer

PANDORA

see i told you you couldn't do it even if you stood on it so it wouldn't open it would open anyway and all those things that you have bad dreams about would come out and eat you and everybody else up.

GUY MICHEL



Why should I
Just
Sit here when
The sky is trembling?
Is it because any
Semblance of death
Scares me back into my
Laughing, tranquil burrow?

Guy Michel



ADLAI EWING STEVENSON

1900 — 1965

Too Old To Cry

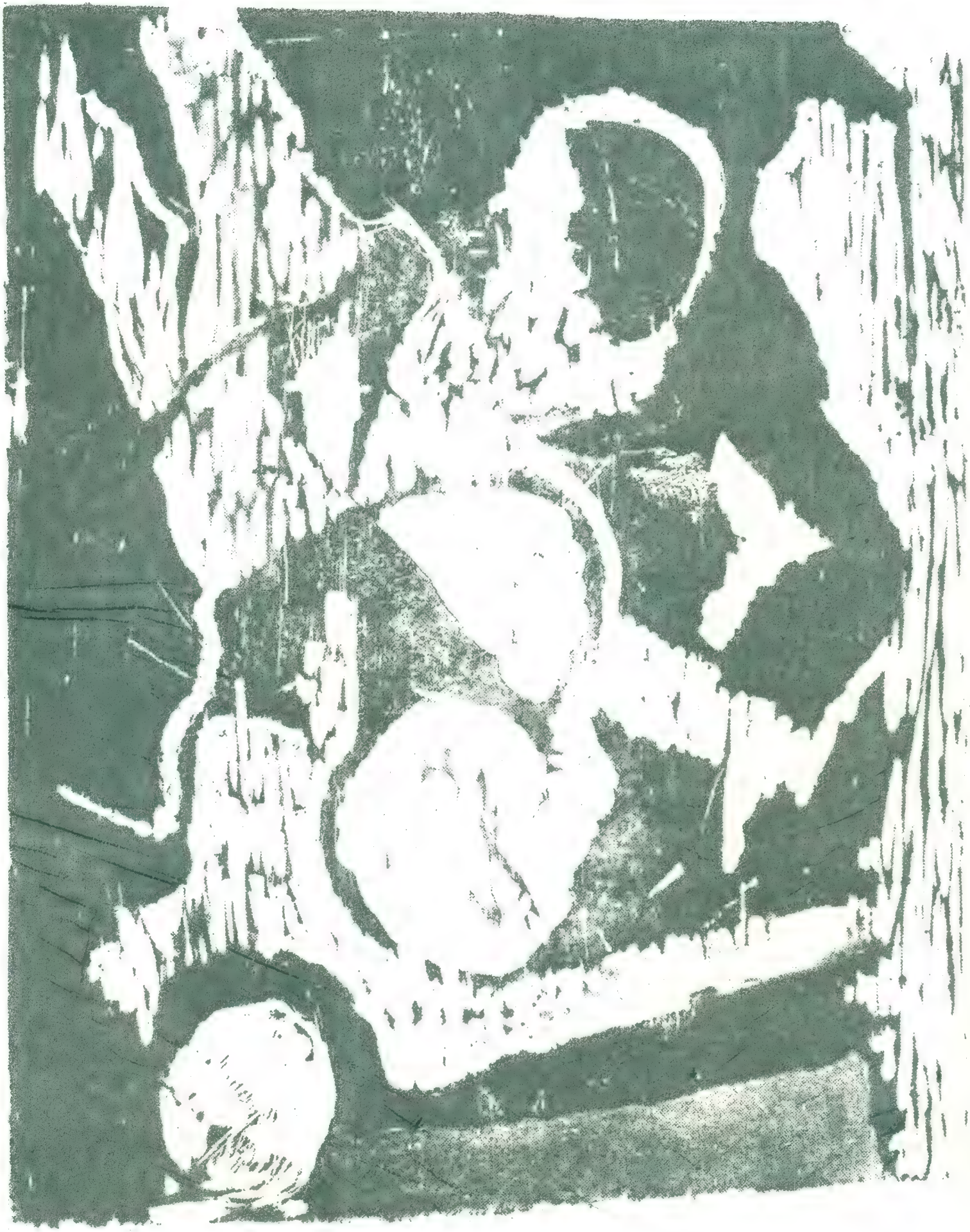
They say that the President was in tears yesterday, but it is much better for us not to cry. The man himself was above dramatic emotionalism. He will always be the "little boy who had stubbed his toe in the dark...too old to cry, but (in too much pain) to laugh." Let Johnson "curse the darkness"---that's what he's paid for---but at least in death we owe Adlai Ewing Stevenson the "lighted candle" which we never gave him in life.

Stevenson didn't belong in American politics. He was too much of a gentleman to deal with the sly trickery of Nixon, too much of a scholar to answer the absurd babblings of Eisenhower, too much of a man to respond to the grotesque nonsense of McCarthy. The people need a man for President who mirrors their own faults---who utters pious platitudes and doesn't care about syntax. Adlai Stevenson could never have been President.

But Stevenson was something else, perhaps something even more important than President. For fifteen years he served as a standard against which other politicians could be measured. He was never a man of the people, but always just above them---ever so slightly out of their grasp, but close enough so that the tantalizing temptation to reach was always present. Even if he sometimes appeared cold in public, even if his subtle humor occasionally went over the head of his audience, even if the American people never realized the stature of the man whom they summarily defeated in two elections---even if all these things are true, we can still say that Adlai Stevenson affected the American mind more than any other politician of his era. His quiet eloquence, his biting wit, and his supreme good taste laid the groundwork for a whole new type of politics which gradually supplanted McCarthyism and eventually culminated in the New Frontier.

"You can judge the size of a man by the size of the thing that makes him mad," he said, so we shall try very hard not to be annoyed that the New Milford radio station considered a traffic accident more important than his death or that Richard Nixon called him a great statesman. We shall not even be mad at President Johnson's tears. He would have it no other way and it is perhaps fitting that a frustrated life should end in a frustrating death. Yet even from the grave Stevenson remains gracious in defeat. He would never have fit the role of elder statesman and was out of place as a front man for Johnson in the U.N. So as he has done so many times before on election eve, he quickly and unobtrusively closes up shop while the nation forgets to mourn.

MIKE SEIDMAN -- July 15, 1965



Cheater!

STEALING,

DOUBLE-DEALING,

UNFEELING

PEOPLE

die in exactly
the same ways as:
non-stealing,
non-double-dealing,
non-unfeeling
people.

ISN'T

IT

UNFAIR!

On War

war's
a chore
that's filled
with gore
and what is
more,
it's
pointless!

Society

what is society
but a pair of
pliers
holding one
into itself
not caring
how much pain
is inflicted
in the process
as long as you
do no wrong
by its list
of rules?

Not Anymore

peace just isn't good enough
anymore---
it's not economical.
when there are war
machines rolling
and men are working
and progress continues,
a bomb is dropped
and then another.
this is good,
so we are told,
because there is no more unemployment.
in fact-
there is no more world.

poems by david yohalem



PRELUDE TO A STORM

Supple brown icicles
Swimming in a sea
Of buttermilk.

Stinging drops
Coaxing, teasing, piddling
Obsequiousness to the
Laughingly obsolete,
Banal, bubbly, buttermilk.

It is all too laughable and vapid,
This self-effacing attempt
At mind-shattering
Climacticism.

Yet I am not well, and
Am pitifully
Lost in its chilling
Campness.

Marty Weiss





SHADOWS

a play in three acts
by Rena Rosenwasser

Cast of Characters
in order of appearance

MAN #2

MAN #3

GARBAGE COLLECTOR

CHILD SKIPPING (girl with sweet voice)

BOY LIMPING

WIFE

ECHOE I

ECHOE II

ACT I

SCENE I: (On a street---anywhere and any kind of street---two men are talking.)

MAN # 2: Don't you know where the world began?

MAN # 3: At your doorstep, of course.

MAN # 2: Of course; well, if you say so. I rather like that; yes I do---never oversimplify, but I rather like that---
and the world is full of shadows.

3: Fear makes shadows.

2: No, only shadows can make shadows.
Trees speak of fear, and night passes through layers of bark, but only shadows can make shadows.

GARBAGE COLLECTOR: (Walks up from no defined source and, catching a bit of the conversation, proclaims) Hello---Shadows, did you say! Yes, Mrs. Kates' dog is dead. Fell off a train going at high speeds.

2: That's too bad. I rather liked the dog.

3: I rather liked Mrs. Kates too. Too bad.

GARBAGE COLLECTOR: Yes, poor Mrs. Kates. May her loss of immortality rest in peace. In peace. (Walks off.)

2: Did you know Cyrus is writing a book?

3: A book? Cyrus! CYRUS!

2: Yes, never would have believed it; seems he felt it necessary with things as they are.

3: Yes, with things as they are though...(slight pause)... I'd rather collect garbage.

2: Well, anyway, Cyrus is writing this book. He calls it--- matter of fact, it doesn't have a name.

3: Doesn't have a name? All things must have a name. Garbage is garbage after all--- But Cyrus always was one for doing odd things.

2: Absurd, yes---indeed odd things. (Walks off stage. Lights become dim for the next scene)

SCENE II: (On the same street. Lights have slightly dimmed. Now there are two distinct spotlights---one on the child and one on the boy. The child should be played by a girl.)

CHILD SKIPPING: Two by two
cock-a-doodle-doo

BOY LIMPING: Chickens are of the picture world.

CHILD: Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo...

BOY: I'm sure the sky is blue. It says so somewhere inside of me. But the fog is so dense I can't break through.

CHILD: Cock-a-doodle-doooooooo
Who are youuuuuu?

BOY: Just somebody trying to see through this fog.

CHILD: What fog? There is nothing here but you and me and my jump rope. Foggy, foggy, let's play a fog game (skips) Hee, Hee...Turn around in the fog
Turn around
Turn around. Look, see
London bridge is falling down

BOY: But the fog, the fog. Can't you feel it wrapping up, seeping, poisoning? Poisoning blue skies and clean blood. Cyrus had clean blood once. Clean blood under blue skies. Once a time ago.

CHILD: You know, you're a...Oh, I don't know. But people like you don't belong here. (Emphatically) You don't play games right.

BOY: What kind of people? Why don't I belong here?

CHILD: Because you don't go cock-a-doodle-doo
cock-a-doodle-doooooooooo (Fades out in the distance as the girl skips off the stage.)

BOY: (Now alone) Why don't I belong here? (Notices emptiness and stillness surrounding him) Why don't...OH, this fog is so well molded. Is there no one here? No one who says, "I belong...I belong"? AM I sick? Am I lost? AM I---(Becomes dizzy; head rolls. Exclaims deeply and in vain) Cyrus, blindly I call for you. Cyrus, have you too been lost in the fog? (Turns passionately, looking for Cyrus.)

ACT II

SCENE I: (A very blandly decorated apartment in which Man #2 is sitting in an armchair. His wife walks in rather nonchalantly.)

MAN # 2: And have you heard about Mrs. Kates. Well, she has suffered a great and awful loss.

WIFE: Dear, I've got some rather dreary things to tell you.

MAN # 2: Yes, and such a fine old lady. What one suffers because of dogs: white ones, gray ones, and especially black ones. Black ones like shadows.

WIFE: I don't exactly know what happened, but the whole thing became quite clear after the explosion. It was only a minor explosion, but rather frightening really... (During this period of time the man ignores or rather does not comprehend what his wife is saying, and vice versa. They each, in their own ways and through their own idiosyncrasies, remain within the realms of their own worlds. He in the armchair; she attending to her chores.)

MAN # 2: (Interrupts casually, not even realizing)...such an old lady. I shudder at the thought of the loss of immortality. We must remain immortal. It is the only only thing we have to look forward to.
When I am immortal...ah, when I am immortal...
(He says this dazedly and goes into complete silence. Remains sitting there dreaming.)

WIFE: (She continues on, not noticing husband's drowsiness.) And the noise. It was as if---but yet it was only a minor explosion, and they don't matter much. Would you like roast pig for supper?

MAN # 2: (Still in a dream state---all of a sudden, he becomes startled as if he has seen a great revelation) Can't see much now; the lights are fading out. (Sighs)
(Girl enters room)

CHILD STILL SKIPPING: BOO hoo
Cock-a-doodle-doo
It seems to be raining
seems to be pouring

MAN # 2: And the lights---they're fading out.

BOY: Cyrus...black times...CYRUS...
streaks the night...CYRUS...
they are calling.
The stakes are burning....

AND I am just a boy. (Falls of exhaustion.)

ACT III

(Stage is black and barren. Wind effects. Echoes are not to been seen, merely heard, and heard well.)

ECHO I: Dark night.

ECHO II: Dark world, blind world.

ECHO I: They're all alone down there---
each in his own hole.

ECHO II: Dig deeper.

ECHO I: What are you trying to say?

ECHO II: (Wind effects ever present) Nothing.

ECHO I: There are more somethings in nothingness
than you know.

ECHO II: Oh, that I know. It is purely that...

ECHO I: (Becomes anxious) That what?

ECHO II: They are still collecting garbage down there.
(Ironical emphasis on collecting garbage.)

ECHO I: Nothing better to do, I suppose.

ECHO II: (Laughs)

(Eerie winds and laughing slowly come to an end and the stage is covered with emptiness.)

CURTAIN

SCENE II: (In a dark place lacking scenery, the boy wanders, searching in vain. He is beginning to lose sense of the reality around him.)

BOY: I see skies...blue? No, yes, grey, black, blue. Night winds blow. Is it daytime? I think it will be a long night. Black, black, black...(Sits down exhausted, after this outburst. Stage becomes very dim. Boy drops to sleep. After a lapse of minutes, he wakes up.) Cyrus, did I hear you? CYRUS?

(Voice is the boy speaking in a different pitch. He is unaware, however, that Voice is coming from within him.)

VOICE: Look into the sky, through the shadows, through the clouds, to the clear sky. Phantom ghosts are burning on their crosses. Can't you tear them down, down...down...

BOY: (in his own voice. Frantically) Is that you Cyrus? Is it you? The sky, it really is blue? I'm too young to understand, but I can feel the heat, the shadows, the clouds. I can't see through this long night, to blue skies. I'm too young.

VOICE: Look, LOOK. You must look. Clean blood. Let it remain clean. Look boy, look. You must see blue, yellow, sun life.

BOY: (Tired, yet trying very hard) I can't see. I can't. Why must I? No one else can see. Why must I feel the day, and want so badly to have it filter through? (Makes motions with his hands, attempting to break through fog)

VOICE: I'm running in the sun. I can grasp it all. The green grass, hay fields knee-high, burnished woods, and miles and miles.

BOY: (Hysterical, by this time) It's dark, foggy. I'm going blind. Cyrus, I can't see you. I can't hear you. CYRUS, Cyrus. Life...where? blue...where? where...where? Over here...over there...where...where... where... (He collapses.)

SCENE III: (Scene requires darkness, and eerie effects. Red filtered lights on a dark, barren stage could serve the purpose well. The effects of winds during echoes are required.)





is there anybody there?

Seek, for you may find. We are all searching for something. We shall find our places, each his own. We shall quest our far,frothing Grail, in journeys that will ring in great epics in time to come.



"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor.

THE LISTENERS...Walter De La Mare



An Apology To The Science Lab

In two years at Buck's Rock I have never been to the Science Lab. I have never had the desire to go, never really cared about the science announcements at meals.

Whenever I encountered science in school, I invariably had a bad teacher who failed to instill in me a desire to learn the material. As a result, I now know very little about science. Facts in school were of little value to me, for they showed no personal achievement. Everything was told to you, and that was that.

But the Buck's Rock Lab is quite different. Here science becomes an individual experience. Although cats have been dissected for many years before Buck's Rock was even thought of, each time the experience is repeated, the individual learns something because he questions, makes investigations, and finds answers. To others it is old hat, but to the individual, it is an achievement and thus as important as is any result of the creative process.

As I write this essay, two weeks remain before Festival. I seriously doubt that I will ever go down the dusty road to the Science Lab, for the effects of bad teachers and forced courses are permanent. I want to apologize to the Science Lab. But more significantly, I want to apologize to myself. I have denied myself a chance to learn on my own, a chance to create in a different milieu.

EDDIE GODNICK

poems by

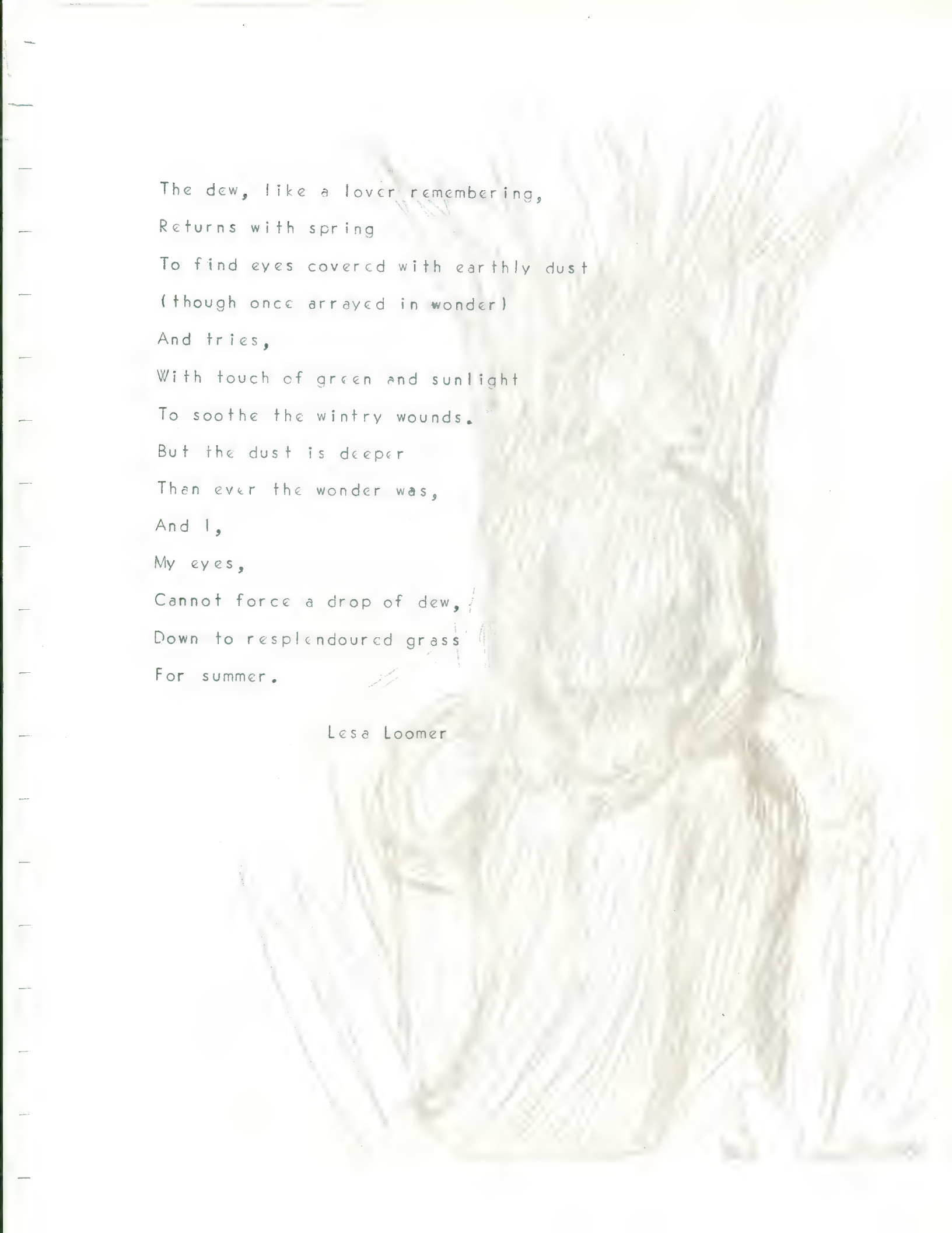
why do i write poems
like this?
i'm the only
person to whom
they will make any sense.
i'm not even sure that i
understand them.
maybe i'm crazy.

Now

stepping from star to star
i wonder---
where am i going
(in relation to time)?
maybe, if i walked
forever
i might reach
infinity.
but who needs it?
i like now best.

Paganism

running 'round the altar
throwing sacrificial pieces
of meat
into the flame
and watching them being devoured
by it
i wonder---
isn't there an easier
way of practicing one's religion?
i'll start my own.
man is the deities' divine servant
and must have sacrifices made
to himself
by himself.
brilliant! isn't it?



The dew, like a lover remembering,
Returns with spring
To find eyes covered with earthly dust
(though once arrayed in wonder)
And tries,
With touch of green and sunlight
To soothe the wintry wounds.
But the dust is deeper
Than ever the wonder was,
And I,
My eyes,
Cannot force a drop of dew,
Down to resplendoured grass
For summer.

Lesa Loomer

Feeling Lazy

"Come to our glorious shop for a morning of fun, thrills, and excitement!" Ho hum. Think I'll stay around and read. Not much happening anyhow.

"Say, girl, let's go! Out and work!" "That design isn't good; start over." "Meet after lunch." "Orchestra at snack." "Forum after dinner." Wait! Hasn't anyone ever thought that maybe I'm not in the mood to work? No, not at Buck's Rock. At Buck's Rock you must work and be creative. You must be interested and overflowing with ideas. But I don't feel creative and enthusiastic; I feel lazy.

That will never do. If you want to relax in your bunk, you can go to another type of camp, one that is so regimented that nothing is the best thing to do. But here, with all these stimulating opportunities, there should be no time for listlessness, there should be no lack of desire whatsoever. For there is a lot to do at Buck's Rock.

Perhaps too much. It is clear that with unlimited opportunity there come restriction and frustration. Meetings, activities, shops, and farms create such conflicts that often laziness and apathy are the only escape from utter confusion. Pressure from parents and relatives to use all the resources of the camp causes you to retreat further into your shell of indifference. You came full of great expectations, caught up with the thrill of creating and the thrill of being successful, yet here you sit doing nothing but wallowing in self-pity.

Well-meaning counselors and friends may break this hated shell sooner or later by pushing you out, but when you look around and see everyone being productive and creative while you have spent your time moping, back you go to the solitude of a soft bed and four walls seeking, hoping for some way to forget that around you a day is in progress.

VICKI SCHER



I, THE PENDULUM

...In the winter's heart beat
I waited alone, growling
My hungry excuses
Against the barrenness of the season.
I ticked with time,
Waiting for the spring green
I had been made to worship,
By the drugged and clouded mouths
Of poets, whose wheat-chaff religions
Rang
Like triumphant clouds in my ears,
And all the long time's opportunity
That waited with me, patient
As a pendulum,
Was lost to fallow lying.

And the gates at last melted and split open
To pour me out
Unbound, into my storm,
And Wait, I said, Wait, for the season
Has come too quick, and the wintry
Burden is still heavy in my eyes.
But the ascending sun waxed dead the white sleep
And pendulums plodded their unruffled path
And I again raged alone in the
Swath of my milkweed argument (as
Shadows of hammers that windblew great white
Beards descended), in the summer's fallow
Complaining until the next winter's turning.
When...

Jon Rose

The Most Difficult Decision

For the past six years I have been going to camps where schedules were all important. Having no decisions to make, I adjusted quickly to the monotonous precision of the activity chart on the bunk wall.

But when I went for an interview with Dr. Bulova, I found that this summer was going to be quite different. I would have almost unlimited freedom, and with it the responsibility of putting my time to good use. I liked the idea, but was afraid of disappointing my parents and myself. Freedom is a frightening thing, and it wasn't difficult to convince myself that Buck's Rock was not for me after all.

The first day of camp finally came, and I was nervous. As we drove to camp, I thought about all the things I'd do this summer, and how I would change as a person. The idea of change was exciting but a little frightening. It was so much easier to remain the way I was. I wanted to turn back, but that would have been running away from a new experience. We arrived at camp, and the confusion of unloading and settling down began. Soon, there was no longer an excuse for my parents to remain, and I knew I was on my own. I had to adjust to being independent-making new friends and new decisions.

The next day, when the work gong rang, I didn't know what to do. There was so much--silkscreening, Wood Shop, Print Shop, Art. I just couldn't decide. I wanted most to work in the Art and Print Shops, but first I had to get the feel of trying different things. Then, after the first week, I was upset because I felt I wasn't doing enough of what I wanted to. I spoke to my parents who comforted me somewhat, but I knew that I would eventually have to think it out by myself. I sat down and decided to cut out a couple of things so that I would be able

to concentrate more on a few specific areas.

After my decisions were made I found that they themselves were unimportant. The most difficult decision was to make a decision at all. After I had done that, the facilities of the entire camp were there to help me carry it out.

SUSAN KAPLAN



Caged

I long to
roam
the sap-fragrant wood,
Like a butterfly
Twittering
from leaf
to window pane.

My curious eyes
Stare
Like groping antennae at a wonder-filled world.

Bars hold back the hunter...
I stand
quivering, awake,
Harnessed in my haven.

One little boy
Tosses well-meant crumbs
Through the bars.

My foot ventures out...a question
But
I start back...afraid.

Laurie Horn



Words Written While Waiting For Some Correction Fluid To Dry

I am thinking of writing my autobiography.
It will be about the poet laureate
Lurking within the mind
Of ordinary
Everyday
Poets laureate.

It shall be as from The Tales of Hoffman;
"My first conquest was a robot of Abraham Lincoln at the
Illinois Pavilion of the New York World's Fair."
"Then came my Sunday School teacher."
"Then came Greta Garbo."
No. That would be autobiographical fiction
And would not get a review in the Times.

Maybe it will be Hemingway-like:
I shall marry seventeen beautiful rich women at once,
I shall hunt wild chipmunks in darkest New Jersey,
I shall worry about death and morality,
I shall die in the Spanish Civil War.
Oh no! That is for a writer, not a poet.

I shall write a story
Full of misery and poetry, which---
For some reason that I cannot fathom---
Seem to go together.
I shall say many poetic things:
"Life is a tumbleweed in the ghost town of the Universe!"
"Why was I born me---someone else would have done a much
better job at it."
"Those whom the gods love die without retiring in fifteen
years with $300 a month."
Oh dear no! I can't use that!

My autobiography:
Random House
Cream morocco leather
$5.00 at Doubledays
Illustrated
Title in gold 18 pt. Typo Text.
It will say "John H. Yohalem"
By Marcia L. Wilton and Thomas P. Herriman.
I will write it later.
The title is more important.

John H. Yohalem

The Health Inspector Cometh

It started off under a halo of mystery. I should have guessed it when a boy came in and told Lou to go to the dispensary, but I didn't. When Lou returned, he declared to us, "If any of you have any reason to doubt the sanitary conditions of your living quarters, I suggest you go back and clean up."

The reactions of the creative inhabitants of the Creative Printe Shoppe were varied. It took about three minutes for the gravity of Lou's announcement to sink in. But then---

"The Health Inspector!"

"What do I do with the salami?"

"I better make my bed!"

"Gulp!"

"?/*#&%!"

Pandemonium broke loose. The news spread like "Weeder's" on Friday night. The Creative Printe Shoppe was evacuated within two minutes. Unfinished articles were left in typewriters, the manual Gestetners were stilled, and even the Great Exalted Almightly Electric Gestetner was stopped, leaving numerous Gestetner stencils un-gestetnered. When I looked out the door of the Creative Printe Shoppe, I found that all the shops were participating in the same mass exodus. Yes, even the pagans in the Silkscreen Shop had abandoned the Great god Squeegee and were heading for their bunks.

And then the quests began. Yes---quests for hideouts. Like criminals after the getaway, swarms of Buck's Rockers were looking for inconspicuous places to stash their loot. Some of the more common hiding places were: under the pajamas for salami, in with the socks for gooey melt-in-your-mouth

chocolate, into the laundry bag for 250 pieces of bubble gum (used and otherwise).

Upon entering my bunk, I promptly found myself engrossed in a very hot game of hot potato with a coconut, no less.

"It's your coconut---you hide it," said Dennis, as he threw it to me.

"You're gonna eat it, aren't you?" I said as I tossed it quickly to Mark. An expert shotput sent the nut flying in the general direction of Julie.

"Well, we gotta stash it somewhere," he screamed.

"There's no place left!" The coconut was flying madly around the bunk.

"What about the wastepaper basket?"

"I emptied it!"

"Fink."

"Quick, guys. The health inspector!"

The nut was coming toward me. I caught it, bobbled it, and in desperation threw it out the window.

The health inspector came and went. I guess our bunk was O.K. But WHAT HAPPENED TO MY COCONUT?

BEN COHEN

LOVELY NOTHINGS

Parasites bury exalted dead in
Stenching flesh and buried lead and
Who knows what dreadful dread
Is lurking....
I don't care.

Long white road in dusty black, no
Sign of fitch in noontime singing.
I don't care.

Watch the mechanized dancers beat
Along the road with leaden feet.
I don't care.

Where my love goes so go I with
The same pseudo-exalted cry and
Fish jump low with feathers fine.
I don't care.

Maternal brine sinks balls of twine and
I hold her invisible hand in mine while
Floods of virile juice wander the eternal line.
I don't care.

And so it goes for long generations though short
The sleepy noontime yearning is gone.
In face of primordial hungers am left to
Rot and die.
Alone I cry
In crimson covers....

Martin Weiss









A Chronicle

This has been a busy summer for almost everyone at Buck's Rock. It has been a summer of growth, a summer of change, a summer of questions, and a summer of not always finding the answers. It has been a summer of varied experiences, as each of us tried something new. We watched, we performed, we listened, but most of all, we learned.

Under Bill Korff's direction, many campers participated in the Buck's Rock Summer Theatre. Trying to present a variety of unusual plays, Bill chose The Dragon, a modern Russian fairy tale, for his first production. A week later, the Buck's Rock Theatre presented two one-act plays---My Client Curly, a fantasy concerning a dancing caterpillar, and The Death and Life of Sneaky Fitch, a farcical tragedy set in the Old West. The Odyssey of Runyon Jones and The Pit were the next two plays produced. The first is a childish comedy, the second, a sophisticated satire. Our Festival play, The World We Live In or The Insect Comedy, by Josef and Carel Kapek, is an allegory symbolizing man's inhumanity to man. In addition, aspiring actors participated in Actor's Workshop, headed by Winnie Rosen and Jane Traum. In an effort to learn more about stage production, the CIT's directed, produced, and acted in two short plays---Suppressed Desires and Passion, Poison, and Petrifaction. The Silly Billy Players demonstrated still another aspect of the theatre with less formal readings from Ionesco's "Jack, or The Submission," and Albee's "The American Dream."

Under the direction of Sid Schankman and Bob Sachs, the Orchestra, Chorus, and Madrigal group performed on the Green in New Milford, and over radio station WLAD. Here at camp, we enjoyed several chamber music concerts and a piano recital. The madrigal group performed at religious services in the vicinity.

Two highlights of the season were Dance Technique Demonstration and Dance Night. The dance group, under Muriel Maning's direction, traveled to Camps Wahnee and Hillcroft. The folk singing group (Happy's Hippies) visited Camp Webatuck with Marty Koenig's folk dancers, who also performed Israeli dances at Temple Sholem.

A new event this summer was the long-awaited Buck's Rock Bowl. Presented twice during the summer, the Bowl proved beyond contention the intellectual superiority of both counselor teams.

On July 29, we attended a performance of Coriolanus, starring Philip Bosco, at the American Shakespearean Theatre at Stratford. Although threatened by rain storms, we visited Tanglewood on August 8 to hear Rudolf Serkin and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf.

This summer we saw many movies, including The Matchmaker, Thornton Wilder's comedy, with Shirley Booth, An American in Paris, with Gene Kelley, Murder She Said, with Margaret Rutherford, Executive Suite, Trouble with Harry (which ended with the birth of our calf), I'm Alright Jack, a biting satire with Peter Sellers and Terry Thomas, Me and the Colonel, a comic adventure with Danny Kaye, and two of the better productions from the weekly television series, The Defenders.

Our weekly forums, under the direction of Bernie Bolitzer, included such stimulating topics as "Impressions of Silvermine," "The Underdeveloped World," "The New York Mayoralty Race," "Vietnam," "Inside a New York Prison," and "What's Wrong with Buck's Rock."

A controversial lecturer was Dave McReynolds, field secretary for the War Resistance League, who spoke on the individual's role in questions of war and peace. Integration was a popular subject for debate this year, and the noted Negro physician, Dr. Thomas Patrick, addressed the camp on the problems of integrating

our society. In addition there were several painters, sculptors, architects, a composer, and a journalist. Guest artists included Bob Yellin of the Greenbriar Boys, Winnie Winston, and Irene. Among the classes held were Ernst's psychology seminars, Mary Gorman's Russian classes, Lou and Ari's creative writing and poetry discussion groups, folk and male dance classes, the Sonenberg's art seminars, and Roger and Joan Lintault's lectures on Peru.

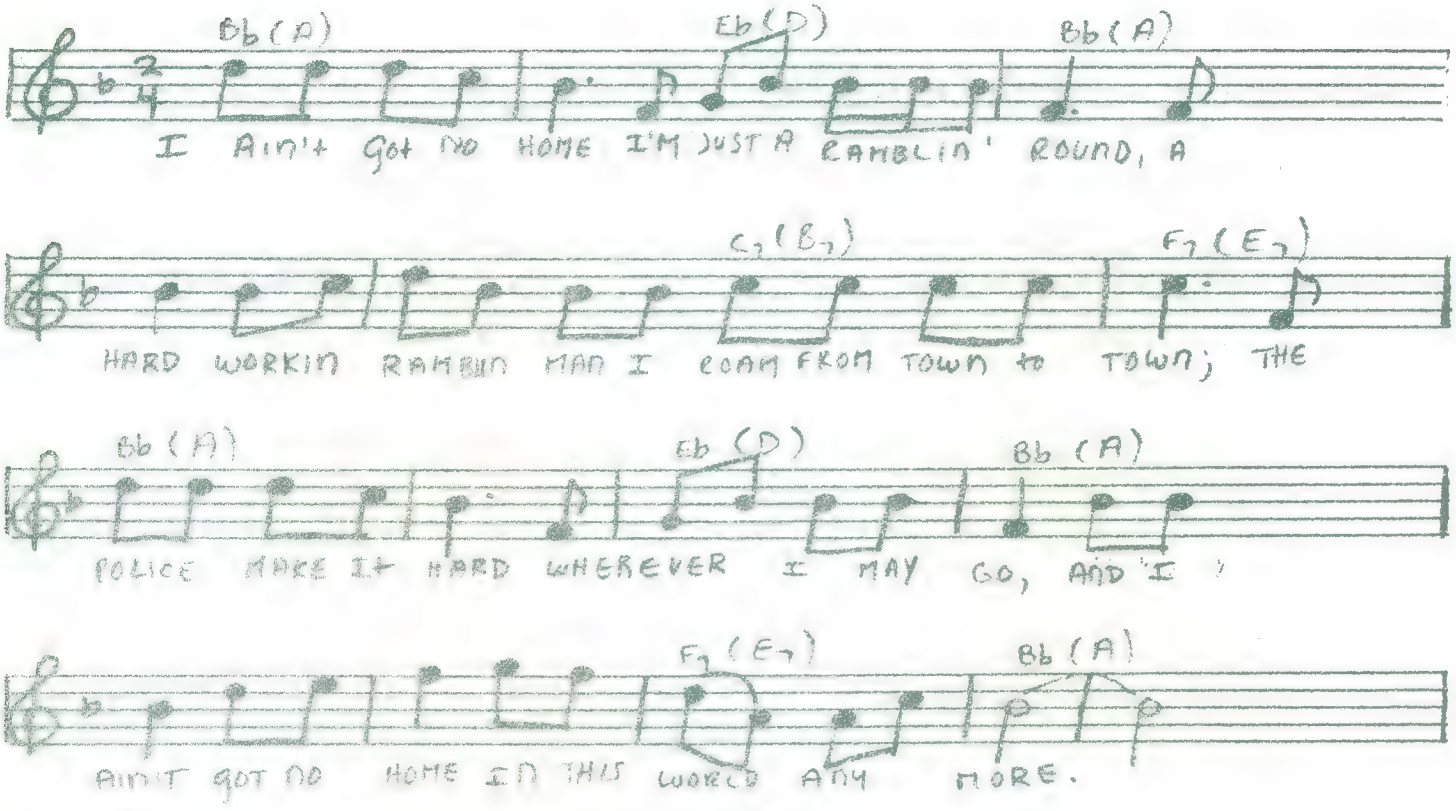
The Capable Construction Crew's main project, under Arnie Zlotoff's direction, was our new Art Shop. Both farms had busy and productive years, as always. Campers paid their annual visit to the animal auction, and sold corn and potatoes on campus.

In athletics, Buck's Rock had one of its most successful years. This "unathletic" camp won fifteen out of sixteen tennis matches, and the dining hall became our trophy room. Our Girls' Volleyball and varsity teams were less successful, but still for the most part victorious. As always, the Watermelon League, under the direction of "commissioner" Bernie Unger, flourished---producing some of the most exciting and least professional softball imaginable. An addition to the sports program this summer were trips to New Milford for touch football after supper.

Of course, a chronicle of special events such as this must be incomplete. Perhaps the most valuable hours of the summer were spent in the daily routine of working in the shops---which actually was not routine at all. We were busy all summer long with our own private projects and ideas---things which must by their very nature go unrecorded. But we were busy too with others---with finding friends and learning to live with people. Although individual growth was important, it was also gratifying to experience things together as a camp. The events of the summer are a chronicle of our growth and an indication of what we accomplished by ourselves and with others.

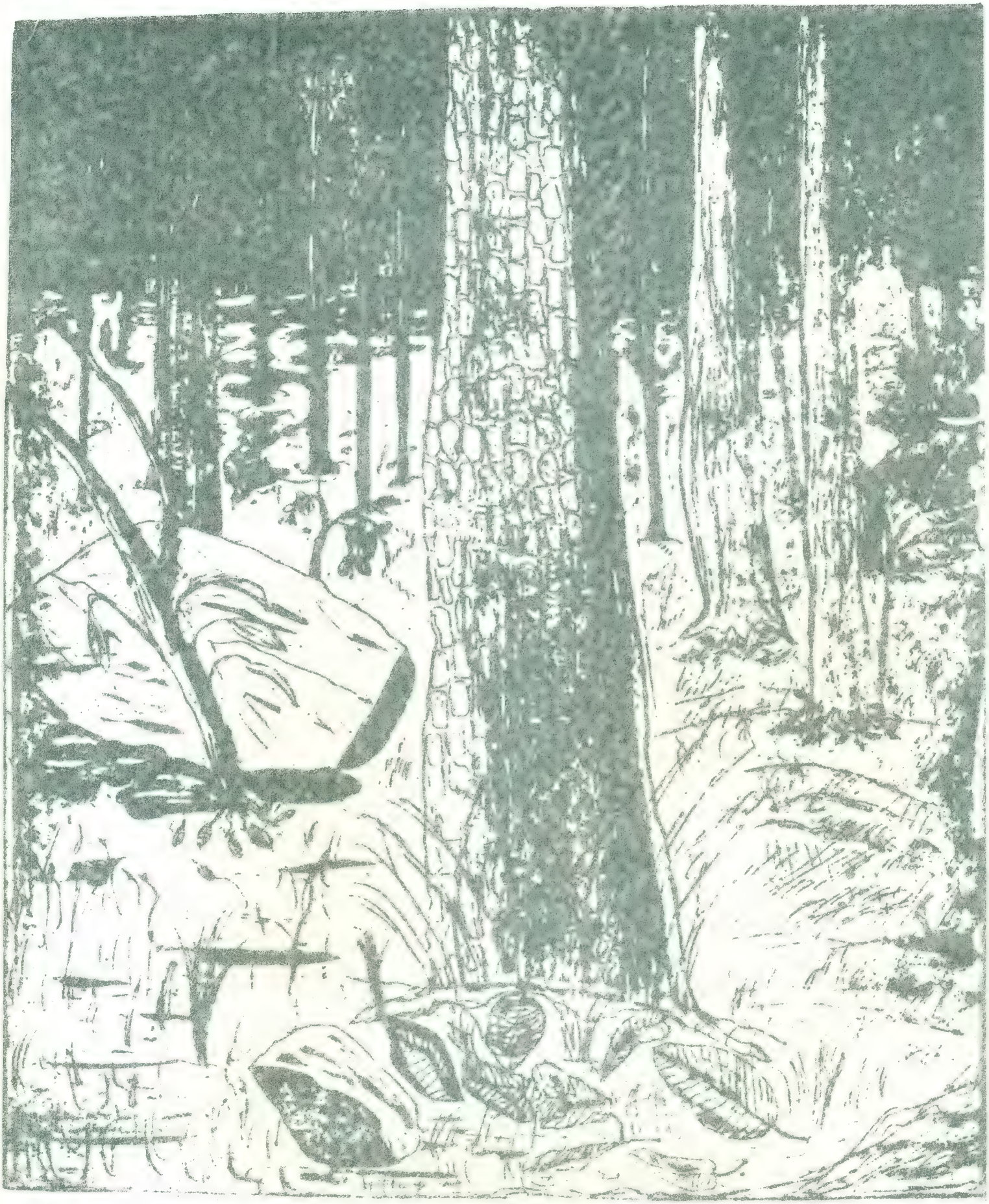
PHILIP KORMAN

I Ain't Got No Home



I was farmin' on the shares
And always I was poor
My crops I laid
Into the banker's door,
And my wife took down and died
Upon the cabin floor,
And I ain't got no home
In this world anymore.

Now as I look around
It's mighty plain to see,
This wide wicked world
Is a funny place to be,
The gamblin' man is rich
And the working man is poor,
And I ain't got no home
In this world anymore.



Well, We Are

We are searching, searching, searching
From the moment of our churching.
We are looking, seeking, finding,
Searching under and behinding.
We are fighting, fighting, fighting
From the moment we are born.
We are sighting by the lighting
Of the nighting that is lorn.
We are trying, trying, trying,
Lying, dying, crying, sighing
From the moment of the tying
Of the birthing, hearthing knot.
Neither losing, snoozing, boozing,
Nor perusing what we've got,
No---no oozing not our choosing
Will prevent our going on.
We are mowing, rowing, flowing:
Searching on for what is gone.

JOHN H. YOHALEM

And light does not linger

Under the carnival's dying figure, this sunset, while a last day's rain swansongs from the steelgrey, late August sky and drenches these delicate colours away in an ignominious rushing swell, under the shade of some vague apparitions, dancing mute in the heavy dusk, I alone in soft, sweet agony, pen these brief whispers.

O,

What did this all mean, this lark-Meadow of summer? What is a summer? A passing of moons, a rise and fall of grass and grain and leaves; to some people, a time of especial joy. Maybe. A time of beauty of the budding world's cup, which wets us in her overflowing wake; a time for flowers, and yelling kids' throats in the green field. And always the nodding and all-seeing dogs, black and brown and white, with their lazy wet afternoon tongues in the air, plodding their mill in the bittersweet New England orange sun. Maybe. A time of butterscotch sunsets on a hackneyed, salty seaside, over white dunes, tawny with the boiling fire, and weathered, coarse grass, which mourns the death marching hoax of happy times. Maybe. All of these, maybe.

(Or a time when winter's frosted-over, snail-scarce little glimmers and sparks of sweet moments were suddenly loosened from the white, numb bowels into a raging bouilliabaise of loud, unfettered torrent, horns and horns of it, blazing and blinding as circus barkers. It's whatever you choose to make of it, whatever string you decide to pull. O it is your green young mind whose Yes and No turns the path of this distant orb.)

A moon sees many days make their circle, and the days did come and go in front of our faces. We came in our patchwork horde with sweat and

mill, out of our taming, chaining canyon, where we had gone about in our ordinary majesty, stiff and mute and wound by each man's neighbour in line. Each man to his own sweet thoughts out of the cauldroned group; each gear in the itching mill, this grindstone of so many lonely facets.

We came, each with his own fears and questions. Each found a special niche, a place for each to explore with his own dancing eyes. Who knew what he wanted expanded his maturing grasp; who did not know, sought and found. Who knew not nor wanted collected his gloomy dust by himself, and was so much the better off. Each to his own; own to many, and we found friends. Our eyes burned open, and paths appeared; the answers, the crystal-most meanings shone clear and plain under the probing lens, if we looked honest and long. Images, graven, garish and towheaded, rose under our sincere claws; heathen altars bloomed from our wild mouths, and we were free as the storming air.

The days and nights sighed on in their track, under our blind noses. We passed the moon's course at our leisure, whose teeth burned like cheshire cats under the fleeing light.

And light does not linger.

O it does not have a definition, this blooming oracle. Each man will give you a different meaning; each legacy adds to the answer. And should terms be defined by dogmas at all? The days toll off whether we hew at them or no. (And men shall lie idle till the sun drowns in death, and then rise roaring against its going.) What does it mean---something new to each small figure in the crowd.

Triumph and tragedy, victory and vanquish, happiness and sorrow, life and death, birth

and burial, war and peace, day and night, year and century, second and eternity, something and nothing; all this clattering, clanging, blowing planet's own phenomena, the warm dilemma of these loud little lives.

Time waits with the patience of a scythe. Our greatest event is sleep, anyway. We pass the sun's hours in waiting for bedtime; and men will pass all the days they are allowed, keeping vigil for their final, tolling good night. Summer is just a passing of surplus time to prelude the rechaining, gold-and-amber fall. We come to mourn the frail season of sun, and when we finish our wailing, it is already blown away.

Into the tear-smudged evening, whose pastel, orange heart sinks into the all-seeing blue firmament, whose trumpeted face now darkens. Back we march in our caravan in the raw, wet air, back to the arctic sleep we breathe. What does it all mean? Why do wombs make dolls to prod and agonize? Only our own myths, the sad little church-facades we jestingly threw together, which dry and fade in the last, killing sun. But our chains are glinting with their faint, religious glare, here at summer's sighing end.

It was all a dream now, as we think chuckling back over our paperboard elysiums. Only a small potsherd, a gleaming little bauble on the brown mantel remains for reminiscing eyes to see...I wonder how the hell it is there now. And under the mantel's lap, the dancing sun in the black, orange and sputtering logs mellows to crystal these brief flashes.

Jon Rose





And so we say good-bye

And so we say good-bye. "Good-bye, Good-bye and always Good-bye!" Another End! Or is it a beginning? Or is it both? We always seem to say good-bye. "And light does not linger," you say. We say good-bye to every moment we live and we know that we say good-bye forever. The moment will not return, it will be gone forever until we come to the last moment and we are gone with it.

And we know it all the time. We live, in a sense, with death, under the shadow of death and, unlike any other being in creation, man knows it and is aware of it. Being aware of his finiteness, being aware of the certainty of his death, man has pondered his fate ever since he became man. Since being aware of his end, being aware of death, means living tragically, man had to come to terms with the tragedy of his existence, with the fact that his life is a span between birth and death.

This awareness made man fearful. In his anxiety, he created powerful gods who, in turn, would protect him. He named and spoke: "In the beginning was the word." He became interested in his past, strove for meaning in his present and showed concern for his future. He used his intellect to lift curtain after curtain that hid the unknown. Scientific thinking prompted him to say proudly: "Cogito, ergo sum!" "I think and, therefore, I am!" He used the powers that surround him and from being their victim, attempted to become their master.

This age has been called "The Age of Anxiety." But anxiety does not characterize any particular age. Anxiety is a result and part of the human condition and as such demands a response, an answer, from man who suffers anxiety. And slowly man found the answer to the challenge of his existence. His answer is: Man! Man himself and the creative powers within himself!

Even if the Universe that surrounds him were indifferent to his existence, man had an answer and the prerequisite to give an answer: His powers of creativeness, supported by courage: Man's indomitable spirit!

Thus, Man's Life is not only suspended between birth and death, Man's Life spans heroism and tragedy. Man is both heroic and tragic and expresses his spirit triumphantly in creativity. Man's answer to a limitless Universe that may be totally unaware of him, is his inventiveness, his creativeness, is all that he produces with his mind and his soul. Man reaffirms the fact of his existence in his works courageously and creatively. Then he gives meaning to his life and probably to all life around him.

You must have felt again this summer that what you create physically and mentally will give you the power to find your place in the world and, collectively and individually, will become your answer to the challenge of life.

Light does not linger. But---to quote a great scientist---"men come and go, but however limited their individual strength, small their contribution, and short their life span, their efforts are never in vain, because, like runners in a race, they hand on the torch."

Ernst



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"Chorus"--Gary Tutin
"Fabric Dying"--Gary Tutin
"Bowl Turning"--Ben Cohen
"Enlarging"--Mike Stahl
"Serenader"--Amy Shapiro
All other photos by The Photo Shop

an ever fixed mark

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lightning flashes

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is there anybody there?

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Joyce Abbott
Marc Abraham
Isabel Abramowitz
Mitchell Adler
James Altman
Lucy Balter
Jane Bassuk
Steven Bender
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Donald Bloomfield
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Buck's Rock Directory



Boys

Marc Abraham	226-51 77 Ave	Flushing NY 11364	SP6-1876	1-23
Mitchell Adler	533 Benine Rd	Westbury NY	ED3-1871	9-15
James Altman	6701 Colonial Rd	Brooklyn NY 11220	TE6-9053	10-8
David Appleby	750 Kappock St	Bronx NY 10463	KI9-9085	12-4
Aries Arditi	10 Ridgecrest No	Scarsdale NY	SC3-8303	3-16
Ralph Baskin	79-15 265 St Glen	Oaks Floral Park NY	FI3-8620	9-21
Steven Bender	1577 E 17 St	Brooklyn NY 11230	ES6-7169	5-12
Richard Bentley	24 No King St	Malverne LI NY	LY3-8027	3-20
Daniel Bernstein	70 E 10 St	New York NY 10003	SP7-0166	9-15
Robert Blake	11-14 Fairhaven Pl	Fairlawn NJ	SW6-3404	5-10
Jonathan Blitman	143 Hubinger St	New Haven Conn	387-7820	5-19
Donald Bloomfield	551 E Shore Rd	Great Neck NY	HU7-8167	12-26
Mike Blum	342 So Merrick Ave	Merrick LI NY	FR9-8302	7-8
Eric Blumberg	780 West End Ave	New York NY 10025	MO3-4624	1-2
Larry Bolder	4081 Ocean Ave	Brooklyn NY 11235	TW1-0524	9-17
Steven Braff	127 Park Ave	Eastchester NY	WO1-4791	5-9
Steven Brodkin	5533 King Edward	Montreal Que Canada	RE3-2949	3-8
Danny Brown	1200 Fifth Ave	New York NY 10029	TE1-3611	2-14
Paul Brownstein	224-04 76 Ave	Bayside NY 11364	SP6-8276	5-30
Robert Buchalter	112 Bengyfield Dr	E Williston NY	PI2-4381	8-21
Karl Buchberg	Farm Road	Ardsley NY	OW3-5220	4-18
Scott Camazine	29 Abbey Close	Scarsdale NY	SC5-2480	8-4
Bennett Cohen	1388 Millwood La	Merrick LI NY	FR8-7083	3-18
David Deifik	75-26 189 St	Flushing NY 11366	SP6-1608	6-30
Thomas Dennis	51 Grand View Blvd	Yonkers NY	SP9-7560	2-3
Rolf Diamant	145 Altamont Ave	Tarrytown NY	ME1-2585	3-3
Mark Dresner	104-59 107 St	Ozone Park NY	VI3-5230	6-8
Richard Ehrlich	15 Park Road	Scarsdale NY	SC3-5995	9-11
David Fine	1327 Broadway	Hewlett LI NY	FR4-4072	12-24
William Fleissig	243 Soundview Ave	White Plains NY	WH6-6221	3-16
Douglas Forrest	205 West End Ave	New York NY 10023	TR7-3951	4-19
Gerald Friedman	9 Yankee Hill Rd	Westport Conn	227-9650	4-19
Lawrence Friedman	9 Yankee Hill Rd	Westport Conn	227-9650	8-31

Kenneth Gartlir	220 Piccadilly Rd	Great Neck NY	HU7-6683	6-21
Marc Gass	5450 Netherland Ave	New York NY 10471	KI9-8237	2-21
Bobby Gidding	903 W 8 St	Plainfield NJ	756-3568	7-18
Jeffrey Gold	7 Arthur Circle	Chester Pa 19013	TR2-7278	1-15
Andrew Gordon	160 West End Ave	New York NY 10023	362-5320	8-5
Michael Gordon	23406 Letchworth Rd	Beachwood Ohio	464-9047	5-30
Julius Hantman	5 Wilbur Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-3870	12-18
Paul Harman	Forte Drive	Old Westbury LI NY	MA6-1948	7-29
Bob Harmon	25 Sterling Rd	Harrison NY	WO7-4017	3-21
Sam Haupt	218-37 Grnd Centr Pkwy	Hollis Hills NY	HO8-8812	1-17
Steve Horowitz	218-17 Grnd Centr Pkwy	Hollis Hills NY	HO4-2761	6-10
Roger Howard	42 Snapdragon La	Roslyn Hghts NY	MA1-5066	2-13
David Jacobson	22 Fenimore Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC5-1814	4-12
David Kanof	737 Park Ave	New York NY 10021	RE7-5514	8-20
Victor Kempster	1148 Fifth Ave	New York NY 10028	SA2-2129	7-14
Charles Knittle	535 E 86 St	New York NY 10028	RE7-0024	8-24
Mitchell Koch	9 Outer Road	South Norwalk Conn	838-2640	2-2
Philip Korman	251 Adams La	Hewlett NY 11557	FR4-9407	2-4
Gordon Kraus	141-30 Pershing Cres	Jamaica NY 11435	OL7-9529	4-22
Dennis Krieger	245 Grist Mill La	Great Neck NY	HU7-8783	6-26
John Lande	325 Central Pk West	New York NY 10025	AC2-0844	1-4
Alexander Linsk	4021 Atlantic Ave	Atlantic City NJ	345-4764	5-8
Sandy Lipson	505 E 79 St	New York NY 10021	AG9-0787	3-12
Joseph Lipton	556 Green Place	Woodmere NY	FR4-4723	2-20
Robert Mackler	220-15 77 Ave	Bayside NY 11364	HO4-9662	9-28
Andy Maltz	178 Great Hills Dr	South Orange NJ	SO2-9148	7-2
Woody Mann	196 Bengyfield Dr	East Williston NY	PI6-7656	12-30
Donald Marcus	105 Gold Place	Malverne NY	LY3-9493	11-2
Peter Markham	9 Oakley La	East Williston NY	PI2-9307	7-11
David Marshall	96 Croyden Ave	Great Neck NY 11023	HU2-2182	11-29
Larry Martin	189-54 43 Rd	Flushing NY 11358	FL8-5465	8-23
Richard Maslow	71 Glenview Rd	South Orange NJ	SO3-1183	10-6
Daniel Mehlman	510 E 23 St	New York NY 10010	677-6277	8-18

Guy Michel	548 Riverside Dr	New York NY 10027	UN4-4001	9-26
Samuel Michlin	25 Stonewall La	Mamaroneck NY	OW8-7257	3-9
Lawrence Miller	73-17 173 St	Flushing NY 11366	JA6-8271	3-13
Paul Miller	3970 Hillman Ave	Bronx NY 10463	KI8-4611	6-16
Robert Miller	Indian Trail	Harrison NY 10528	TE5-1135	7-28
Todd Milton	510 E 84 St	New York NY 10028	RH4-3063	6-1
Bobby Mittleman	323 Oxford Rd	New Rochelle NY	NE2-8888	6-9
Peter Moskowitz	835 Clarkson Ave	Brooklyn NY 11203	SL6-2922	3-26
Steven Newman	21 Vanderbilt Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC3-9587	8-6
Peter Perin	216-15 68 Ave	Bayside NY 11364	BA9-0706	9-12
Kenneth Plotnik	138-23 78 Ave	Flushing NY 11367	JA6-5881	6-2
Eric Poulos	21-36 33 Rd	Astoria LI NY	YE2-5996	5-15
Roger Pudlin	75-37 186 St	Flushing NY 11366	GL4-0444	1-29
Andrew Quient	45 Sugar Maple La	Glen Cove LI NY	OR1-8489	6-19
Matthew Raider	2225 Parkhurst Rd	Elmont NY 11003	PR5-4056	11-1
Richard Rose	161 W 86 St	New York NY 10024	EN2-4970	4-25
Lewis Rosenstein	67-66 108 St	Forest Hills NY 11375	LI4-1356	1-7
Robert Rosenthal	8 Pebble La	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	MA1-3354	4-27
Robert Rosenwasser	144-45 70 Rd	Flushing NY 11367	LI4-6354	1-15
Stephen Rubenstein	111-15 77 Rd	Forest Hills NY 11375	BO1-3888	8-28
Marvin Ruderman	37 Shore Park Rd	Great Neck NY	HU7-9875	2-5
Donald Rudolf	205 West End Ave	New York NY 10023	TR7-9985	3-13
Peter Rumack	1-A Ascot Ridge	Great Neck NY	HU2-8583	9-9
Allen Sabinson	67-82 Selfridge St	Forest Hills NY 11375	LI4-6378	11-17
Robert Saftler	1483 Beech La	East Meadow NY	IV9-5305	12-12
Mark Schlitten	159 Beach 138 St	Belle Harbor NY 11697	NE4-1744	2-18
Larry Schwartz	98 Havilands La	White Plains NY 10605	WH6-3215	8-20
Steven Selub	226-23 76 Rd	Bayside NY 11364	SP6-7056	5-21
David Shapero	34 Hubbard Ave	Stamford Conn	348-2938	10-13
Harvey Shapiro	55 E 9 St	New York NY 10003	CA8-3138	8-3
Robert Shasha	15 Cotswold Way	Scarsdale NY	SC3-8546	3-11
Gene Shwalb	30 North Star Dr	Morristown NJ	JE8-6730	2-27
Thomas Sidrane	19 Triangle Pl	Freeport LI NY	FR8-2710	2-26

Girls

Joyce Abbott	43-10 Kissena Blvd	Flushing NY 11355	FL3-3324	5-5
Isabel Abramowitz	78-54 223 St	Bayside NY 11364	SP6-5939	8-27
Lucy Balter	5155 Post Rd	Bronx NY 10471	KI3-9176	9-23
Robin Bartlett	924 West End Ave	New York NY 10025	MO2-7325	4-22
Jane Bassuk	141-50 Grnd Centr Pkwy	Jamaica NY 11435	JA3-1868	8-29
Nina Bassuk	1044 E 28 St	Brooklyn NY 11210	CL8-6317	2-16
Donna Bernstein	13 Jordan Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-2805	10-14
Linda Bernstein	13 Jordan Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-2805	7-25
Helen Blechman	19 Bellingham La	Great Neck NY	HU2-3147	3-3
Amy Bloom	436 Salt Springs Rd	Syracuse NY 13224	446-8053	3-14
Susan Buchbinder	2317 Throop Ave	Bronx NY 10469	OL5-4799	5-12
Judith Buchstein	18 Belmont St	White Plains NY	WH8-4494	3-2
Jo Ann Clurman	140 Riverside Dr	New York NY 10024	SU7-6456	9-25
Marcia Cohen	79 W 12 St	New York NY 10011	OR5-4996	10-28
Naomi Cohen	3835 Bailey Ave	Bronx NY 10463	KI8-0828	1-16
Wendie Cohen	77 Merrivale Rd	Great Neck NY	HU2-2943	2-4
Barbara Cooper	56-37 Cloverdale Blvd	Bayside NY 11364	BA4-3154	6-2
Rosalyn Cowit	220-10 77 Ave	Bayside NY 11364	465-8461	10-9
Jean Drukker	30 Cow Lane	Great Neck NY	HU7-7264	5-15
Margot Eiseman	5 Hidden Hill	Westport Conn	227-9726	5-7
Isabel Eisen	87-11 63 Dr	Rego Park NY 11374	NE9-5204	2-9
Laura Ewen	85-03 150 St	Jamaica NY 11435	OL7-8469	12-9
Laura Ewig	2727 Palisade Ave	Riverdale NY 10463	KI6-2662	12-20
Alice Faber	50 High Ridge Crt	Pleasantville NY	RO9-0298	4-22
Karen Farber	88 Lotus Oval So	Valley Stream NY	PY1-5531	5-17
Jain Fenton	51 Nemeth St	Malverne NY	LY3-9241	7-29
Susan Fishbein	55 Ridge Dr	Westbury NY	ED4-0710	10-20
Laura Fried	400 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	EN2-3326	11-8
Nancy Friedman	33-05 90 St 5C	Jackson Hts NY 11372	OL1-4727	5-1
Robin Glickman	181 Lyncroft Rd	New Rochelle NY	NE3-6678	3-28
Judy Goldzweig	302 Linden Pl	West Hempstead NY	IV6-6877	11-29
Nancy Goodman	42 Wildwood La	Roslyn Hghts NY	MA1-7810	5-8
Elizabeth Gottlieb	4930 Goodridge Ave	Riverdale NY 10471	TU4-1221	11-22

Wendy Mandel	890 West End Ave	New York NY 10025	UN6-1824	7-1
Dana Mann	196 Bengyfield Dr	East Williston NY	PI6-7656	7-17
Lisa Mann	505 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	EN2-1019	8-16
Ginny Margolies	249-42 57 Ave	Little Neck NY 11362	BA5-6256	7-22
Liddy Martin	49 Beverly Rd	Great Neck NY	HU2-3757	12-16
Julie Miller	10 W 9 St	New York NY 10011	OR4-8075	4-5
Madlyn Nathanson	1 Pebble La	Roslyn Hghts NY	MA1-5091	12-12
Beth Nelson	15 Shore Rd	Port Washington NY	PO7-1770	6-7
Nancy Newman	21 Vanderbilt Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC3-9587	3-28
Laurie Nussbaum	51 Auerbach La	Lawrence NY	CE9-7393	7-2
Lynn Oettinger	565 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	SC4-3759	7-30
Janet Paley	335 Willets Rd	Roslyn Hghts NY	MA1-7186	4-3
Nancy Parmet	98 Joseph St	New Hyde Park NY	FL2-7701	7-7
Andrea Perutz	Oneida Circle	Harrison NY	TE5-1065	5-12
Laurence Podselver	Great Hill Rd	Ridgefield Conn	438-8171	10-30
Janet Pomerantz	3 Hampton Crt	Great Neck NY	HU7-3849	10-16
Deborah Pope	20 St Pauls Crt	Brooklyn NY 11226	IN2-1026	3-9
Andrea Praeger	201 E 62 St	New York NY 10021	MU8-1378	6-8
Susan Raze	294 Fountain Rd	Englewood NJ	LO7-0135	9-24
Melanie Ress	45 E 9 St	New York NY 10003	AL4-1846	11-2
Melissa Roberts	105 W 72 St	New York NY 10023	LY5-8002	2-23
Joanne Rom	133 Midwood Ave	Farmingdale NY	CH9-0804	1-16
Amy Rose	269 Harvard Ave	Rockville Centre NY	OR8-1626	3-28
Jan Roth	189-30 37 Ave	Auburndale NY 11358	FL9-5716	9-16
Amy Rothberg	69-26 171 St	Flushing NY 11365	OL7-1638	4-4
Hilarie Rowe	188-01A 71 Cres	Fresh Meadows NY	GL4-8709	6-3
Lucy Rumack	1-A Ascot Ridge	Great Neck NY	HU2-8583	1-11
Patsy Saunders	15 Maple Dr West	New Hyde Park NY	FL2-8450	10-13
Vicki Scher	67-00 192 St	Flushing NY 11365	GL4-8650	5-10
Betsy Schulz	4711 Independence Ave	Riverdale NY 10471	KI8-3658	4-23
Andrea Seaton	42 Schoolhouse La	Roslyn Hghts NY	MA1-9507	9-23
Arlene Selvern	516 New Hyde Park Rd	New Hyde Park NY	PR5-0434	11-15
Nina Seymann	160-16 Jamaica Ave	Jamaica NY 11432	JA6-3935	3-7

Amy Shapiro	156 W 86 St	New York NY 10024	TR4-1137	5-9
Laura Shapiro	56 Willey Ave	Liberty NY	LIB-1838	8-18
Lynn Silberstein	6 Helena Ave	Larchmont NY	TE4-5902	2-26
Susan Silver	310 E 12 St	New York NY 10003	GR5-7189	1-23
Jennifer Sookne	188-34 87 Dr 1E	Hollis NY 11423	HO5-5390	5-14
Laura Spano	50 Hickory Dr	Roslyn NY	MA1-0676	9-18
Stacey Sperling	58 Maple Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-6642	3-29
Barbara Spivak	205 Third Ave	New York NY 10003	YU2-8556	11-8
Vikki Stark	99-72 66 Rd	Forest Hills NY 11374	TW7-4429	2-18
Peggy Steckler	50 Berrian Rd	New Rochelle NY	NE2-4557	12-9
Carol Steinfeld	692 Penn Ave	Teaneck NJ	TE6-7280	8-26
Joan Strachman	27 Southern Rd	Hartsdale NY	OW3-0130	3-19
Ivy Strick	161 E 78 St	New York NY 10021	RH4-0284	1-5
Jamie Studley		Woodridge NY	434-4752	4-30
Jane Tavalin	647 E 14 St	New York NY 10009	OR7-3470	3-28
Beth Trier	Maybrook Rd	Waterbury Conn	PL5-3327	10-13
Lana Tunick	183 Sterling Rd	Harrison NY 10528	WO7-2549	3-13
Lori Ubell	482 Summit Ave	Hackensack NJ	HU7-2288	1-2
Barbra Weinberger	5430 Netherland Ave	New York NY 10471	KI9-8075	10-5
Emmy Weiner	20 Laurel Pl	Eastchester NY	SW3-6585	5-20
Peggy Weiner	24 Rockingham Pl	Glen Rock NJ	444-1036	6-29
Elise Weinstein	15 No King St	Malverne NY	LY9-1294	3-8
Wendy Weisberg	363 Jones Rd	Englewood NJ	LO9-0785	1-27
Bonnie Weissman	1726 E 7 St	Brooklyn NY 11223	ES5-0390	4-11
Flora Whitelaw	35 Sterling Rd	Harrison NY	WO7-4179	12-8
Marjorie Wiener	35 Clover Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-4990	12-17
Tammy Wilson	572 Grand St	New York NY 10002	YU2-2283	12-12
Gayle Young	103 Red Ground Rd	Roslyn Hgts NY 11577	MA1-1218	12-21
Kathie Zuflacht	695 Cornwall Ave	Malverne NY	LY3-8018	9-25

CIT Boys

Richard Arkell	72 Barrow St	New York NY 10014	OR5-2438	6-11
Barry Bermet	800 Avenue H	Brooklyn NY 11230	GE4-1723	1-3
Robert Blumenson	350 First Ave	New York NY 10010	AL4-6064	12-11
Paul Bookbinder	12 Laurel Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-6406	10-9
John Bressler	200 Parker Rd	Elizabeth NJ	EL5-3513	4-25
Clifford Burke	71 Chestnut St	Malverne NY	LY3-6451	7-7
Michael Calmenson	1270 E 19 St	Brooklyn NY 11230	338-6190	8-27
Joel Deifik	75-26 189 St	Flushing NY 11366	SP6-1608	11-19
Bob Dorf	4 Stuyvesant Oval	New York NY 10009	GR5-1223	6-26
Corky Ehrlich	15 Park Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC3-5995	10-12
Robert Epstein	99-51 65 Rd	Forest Hills NY 11374	TW6-3808	9-11
David Ewen	85-03 150 St	Jamaica NY 11435	OL7-8469	3-8
Kenneth Friedman	33-05 90 St	Jackson Hgts NY 11372	OL1-4727	2-19
Gilbert Geldon	33 Perth Ave	New Rochelle NY	NE2-5676	5-15
Paul Gellers	65-09 99 St	Forest Hills NY 11374	TW7-8151	5-20
Barton Gershbein	1620 Ocean Ave	Brooklyn NY 11230	CL8-3454	4-26
Michael Glasser	5 Cherry Lane	Great Neck NY	HU2-5918	1-30
Edward Godnick	430 E 63 St	New York NY 10021	TE8-3521	9-26
Andrew Gollup	1310 Fayette St	Teaneck NJ	TE6-3660	3-24
Roy Goodman	42 Wildwood La	Roslyn Hghts NY	MA1-7810	4-7
Peter Gordon	23406 Letchworth Rd	Beachwood Ohio 44122	464-9047	4-1
Bruce Hamerslough	2 Willow La	Scarsdale NY	SC3-3373	10-26
Morton Hantman	5 Wilbur Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-3870	3-11
Peter Herbst	473 Poplar La	East Meadow NY	IV9-7582	12-17
David Kane	3162 Birch Dr	Wantagh NY	SU5-0723	11-20
Michael Kempster	1148 Fifth Ave	New York NY 10028	SA2-2129	11-25
Mark Kleinman	6784 Groton St	Forest Hills NY 11375	BO8-4251	11-12

Mark Mandel	890 West End Ave	New York NY 10025	UN6-1824	11-22
Andrew Marcuvitz	7 Ridge Dr East	Great Neck NY	HU7-6429	11-26
Kenneth Markham	9 Oakley La	East Williston NY	PI2-9307	4-22
Eugene Packer	76 Kingsley Dr	Yonkers NY	WO1-5383	6-5
Paul Poresky	2615 Washington St	Allentown Pa	432-8493	10-27
Peter Reynolds	290 W 234 St	Bronx NY 10463	KI8-1964	11-19
Jonathan Rose	161 W 86 St	New York NY 10024	EN2-4970	10-17
Mark Schenker	691 Lenox Rd	Brooklyn NY 11203	PR4-8024	4-28
Edwin Schloss	863 Park Ave	New York NY 10021	YU8-3575	8-16
Lex Seldin	285 Central Pk West	New York NY 10024	TR3-3431	12-7
Dean Sheppard	40 Carriage La	Roslyn Hghts NY	MA1-6515	6-13
Paul Shyman	2340 Voorhies Ave	Brooklyn NY 11235	SH3-3860	6-10
Karl Springer	370 W 255 St	New York NY 10471	KI9-6751	10-20
Gary Tutin	577 Mayfair Dr So	Brooklyn NY 11234	CL1-6074	5-21
David Weinstein	24 Lafayette Dr	Woodmere NY	FR4-4084	3-19
Steven Weiss	385 Argyle Rd	Brooklyn NY 11218	IN9-1264	6-11
Jeffrey Wollman	360 W 55 St	New York NY 10019	CI6-8632	10-11
John Yohalem	192 Beechmont Dr	New Rochelle NY	NE2-0658	8-3
Paul Zlotoff	175 Beach 149 St	Neponsit NY 11694	945-0232	2-19

CIT Girls

Ann Barysh	Chestnut Land Rd	New Milford Conn	EL4-5420	3-6
Susan Bassuk	141-50 Grnd Centr Pkwy	Jamaica NY 11435	JA3-1868	11-5
Ellen Berman	67-30 Dartmouth St	Forest Hills NY 11375	BO1-7790	7-30
Trudi Broffman	117 Glenwood Ave	Leonia NJ	WI4-5654	7-1
Leslie Coleman	7 Hunting Ridge Rd	Stamford Conn	322-5849	3-29
Diane DeSimone	5424 Arlington Ave	Riverdale NY 10471	KI9-8681	12-1
Debby Goldfarb	530 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	SU7-3852	2-12
Mura Goldfarb	42-16 80 St	Elmhurst NY 11373	IL8-4276	3-9
Judith Kalinkowitz	250 First Ave	New York NY 10009	OR7-0627	10-24
Barbara Lande	325 Central Pk West	New York NY 10025	AC2-0844	10-9
Wendy Levin	60 Turner Pl	Brooklyn NY 11218	BU2-1303	5-19
Lesa Loomer	1192 Park Ave	New York NY 10028	TE1-0419	5-2
Steffi Moerman	23 Candy La	Roslyn Hghts NY	MA1-5497	12-7
Ellen Ogintz	588 Haddon La	East Meadow NY	IV6-3281	5-2
Rena Rosenwasser	144-45 70 Rd	Flushing NY 11367	LI4-6354	1-19
Beryl Schulman	23 Somerset Dr No	Great Neck NY 11020	HU7-7888	2-13
Susan Schwartz	19 Huron Rd	Yonkers NY	SP9-6645	3-24
Elizabeth Stamm	7 Fieldstone Rd	Rye NY	WO7-4991	9-25
Susan Tabbat	6 Richbell Close	Scarsdale NY	SC5-4669	6-20
Emily Warwick	817 Pleasant Hill Rd	Chester Pa	TR2-5012	4-4
Judy Weiss	34 Aberfoyle Rd	New Rochelle NY	NE3-7632	11-19
Rebecca White	1165 Park Ave	New York NY 10028	AT9-6976	7-24
Frances Wiener	2540 Batchelder St	Brooklyn NY 11235	NI8-0903	10-4
Anita Zack	901 Washington Ave	Brooklyn NY 11225	NE8-7551	3-24

JC's

Bruce Dancis	2140 E Tremont Ave 1307 U Halls	Bronx NY 10462 Cornell U Ithaca NY	TA2-0286	5-14
Paul David	8 Knoll La Brandeis University	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577 Waltham Mass	MA1-1876	6-12
David Fine	1284 Fayette St	Teaneck NJ 07666	TE6-1896	6-10
Ken Goldstrom	138 Berrian Rd	New Rochelle NY 10804	NE2-4956	5-17
Jonathan Gould	21 Marshall Crt	Great Neck NY	HU7-2857	7-11
Carl Jacobson	22 Fenimore Rd Boston University	Scarsdale NY Boston Mass	SC5-1814	8-24
Ira Klemons	200 Corbin Pl Western Md College	Brooklyn NY 11235 Westminster Md	TW1-0940	9-6
Scott Newrock	8 Charles La	Port Chester NY	WE7-5327	11-14
Richard Nowogrodski	895 West End Ave	New York NY 10025	MO2-2576	3-2
Peter Orville	29 Shadow La	Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-7280	1-26
Andy Polon	305 W 86 St	New York NY 10024	SU7-6888	2-18
Stephen Rosenbush	3720 Bedford Ave	Brooklyn NY 11229	DE8-4237	5-10
Bill Rubenstein	111-15 77 Rd 221 Koenig Hall	Forest Hills NY 11375 Wshngtn U St Louis Mo	BO1-3888	10-7
Howard Schoenfeld	198 Myrtle Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-3709	4-17
Steven Sweet	165 W End Ave 17K	New York NY 10023	TR7-8126	12-6
Peter Tavalin	647 E 14 St	New York NY 10009	OR7-3470	7-1

Counselors

Ernst and Ilse Bulova	300 Central Pk W	New York NY 10024	EN2-2702	
Doris Adler	E 196 Concord Dr	Paramus NJ	CO1-9054	
Ralph Arditi	10 Ridge Crest No	Scarsdale NY		
Marian Asherman	217 E 88 St	Brooklyn NY 11236	GL1-0394	12-24
Carl Baker	98 Fleetwood St	Presque Isle Maine		
Walter Banzhaf	1368 Metropolitan Ave	Bronx NY 10462	TA2-0969	3-7
	1014 Peoples Ave	Troy NY		
Barbara Berg	273 Callodine Ave	Buffalo NY		
	3000 Br 12 St	Brooklyn NY 11235		
Bernard Bolitzer	213 Henry St	New York NY 10002	254-5532	8-22
Sophia Bonfield	RFD 2 Box 152	West Brattleboro Vt	254-6667	
Robert Bressler	200 Parker Rd	Elizabeth NJ 07208	EL5-3513	8-28
Jeffrey Chester	33 Huntington Dr	Yonkers NY 10704	BE7-0216	5-11
Linda Cohen	138-33 Jewel Ave	Flushing NY 11367	BO8-6489	8-13
Ronald Danzig	553 Manor Ridge Rd	Pelham NY 10803	738-3739	2-18
	5530 Dorchester Ave	Chicago Ill 60637	493-9019	
Betty Ewen	85-03 150 St	Jamaica NY 11435	OL7-8469	
Harold Ewen	85-03 150 St	Jamaica NY 11435	OL7-8469	
Judith Felgar	698 E Church St	Marion Ohio	382-6406	
Wayne Felgar	698 E Church St	Marion Ohio	382-6406	
Russell Forrest	218-57 82 Ave	Queens Vllge NY 11427	HO5-0140	
Martin Fortgang	41-08 42 St	L I City NY 11104	ST4-6696	6-1
Daniel Fromer	6625 No 29 St	Arlington Va	533-7660	9-17
Robert Gerstein	75-59 182 St	Flushing NY 11366	GL4-2428	5-3
Mary Gorman	5 Elm Pl	Freeport NY	MA3-2321	
Barbara Green	220-21 77 Ave	Bayside NY 11364	HO4-8621	10-28
Alan Hack	85 Strong St	Bronx NY 10468	KI6-3058	3-13
Sharon Hagan	So 3935 No Buffalo Rd	Orchard Pk NY	662-3122	
Peter Hall	470 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	TR3-1906	11-13
Barbara Hirschman	11 Waverly Pl	New York NY 10003	OR7-9350	

Edith Jason	42 Gilbert La	Plainview NY 11803	WE5-8460	
Sanford Jason	42 Gilbert La	Plainview NY 11803	WE5-8460	
Sylvestre Jean-Baptiste	Brown University	Providence RI 02912		7-1
Carol Jochnowitz	130-57 233 St	Laurelton NY	AR6-3164	
Jo Jochnowitz	130-57 233 St	Laurelton NY	AR6-3164	
Brenda Jones	189-24 116 Ave	St Albans NY 11412		
Katherine Kerr	111 Carverdale Dr	Rochester NY	GR3-4022	7-17
Martin Koenig	514 W 110 St	New York NY 10025	AC2-0550	
Muriel Korff	~~577 Grand St~~	New York NY ~~10002~~	-749-	
William Korff	~~577 Grand St~~	New York NY ~~10002~~		
Donna Lane	3985 Gouverneur Ave	Bronx NY 10463	KI3-9251	8-3
Bruce Levy	2540 Batchelder St 3E	Bklyn NY 11235	NI8-9366	12-13
Joan Lintault	9 Brown Rd	Great Neck NY	HU2-8996	
Roger Lintault	9 Brown Rd	Great Neck NY	HU2-8996	
Peter Marsh	666 W 162 St	New York NY 10132	SW5-8241	
Anne Oliver	246 W 150 St	New York NY 10039		
Martin Propper	67-71 Groton St	Forest Hills NY	BO8-6505	
Paul Reasenberg	122 Linden Ave	Ithaca NY 14850	272-2500	4-19
George Responte Jr	3202 41 St SW	Seattle Wshngtn 98116	WE2-3083	12-22
Fred Roberts	1657 E 23 St	Brooklyn NY 11229	CL2-2172	4-30
Winifred Rosen	28 W 87 St	New York NY 10024	TR7-8233	
Carolyn Rosenfield	25 Sutton Pl So	New York NY 10022	PL3-6530	5-20
Linda Sacks	1756 Hertel Ave	Buffalo NY 14216	837-4549	
Robert Sacks	1756 Hertel Ave	Buffalo NY 14216	837-4549	
Martin Saltzman	67-64 Austin St	Forest Hills NY	IL9-6829	4-29
Melvin Samuelowitz	5023 Riverdaler (108)	Riverdale Md		9-27
Sidney Schankman	418 Central Pk W	New York NY 10025	UN5-8057	
Kathe Schor	10 Shore Blvd	Brooklyn NY 11235	DE2-0135	10-31
Mike Seidman	22 Glenfruin Ave	New Rochelle NY	NE3-7072	2-16

Louis Simon	11 Ft George Hill	New York NY 10040	LO7-1226	
Sybil Simon	11 Ft George Hill	New York NY 10040	LO7-1226	
Richard Simon	7707 Chapel Rd	Elkins Park Pa 19117	ME5-0795	4-20
	306 Highland Rd	Ithaca NY		
James Slater	915 E 17 St	Brooklyn NY 11230	ES7-2361	7-12
John Slattery	202 Lawrence St	Penn Yan NY	877-6719	
Ari Snyder	50 W Gun Hill Rd	Bronx NY 10467	OL5-0985	4-26
	122 1940 Hall	Princeton NJ		
Robert Solomon	51 Edgemere Dr	Searington NY	MA1-8509	5-6
Jack Sonenberg	217 E 23 St	New York NY 10010	MU3-6719	12-28
Phoebe Sonenberg	217 E 23 St	New York NY 10010	MU3-6719	
Frances Spitz	233 W 77 St	New York NY 10024	TR3-8483	2-16
Jane Statlander	21-2 Alois Pl	Paterson NJ	AR8-6289	
Raymond Statlander	21-2 Alois Pl	Paterson NJ	AR8-6289	
Karen Steinberg	62-44 Cromwell Cres	Rego Park NY 11374	IL9-5571	12-18
Jerry Sundheimer	67-76 Booth St	Forest Hills NY 11375	TW7-8218	12-12
Anna Surasky	3618 Forest Park Ave	Baltimore Md		
Jean Swinney	84 Rutland Rd	Brooklyn NY 11225		
Anne Tavalin	647 E 14 St	New York NY 10009	OR7-3470	2-9
Philip Tavalin	647 E 14 St	New York NY 10009	OR7-3470	7-29
Happy Traum	101 W 78 St	New York NY 10024	TR4-3326	5-9
Jane Traum	101 W 78 St	New York NY 10024	TR4-3326	
Barbara Unger	32 Mark La	New City NY	NE4-3408	
Bernard Unger	32 Mark La	New City NY	NE4-3408	
Judith Voss	48 Woodbury Rd	Huntington NY	HA3-4082	3-10
Toby Warwick	55 Angell St	Providence RI		5-19
Daniel Yavner	1595 Metropolitan Ave	Bronx NY 10462	TA8-9162	10-9
Arnold Zlotoff	175 Beach 149 St	Neponsit NY 11694	945-0232	11-6
Ruth Zlotoff	175 Beach 149 St	Neponsit NY 11694	945-0232	11-27

Thanks

DOCTOR	Noah Barysh
NURSES	Anna Surasky Jean Swinney Anne Oliver Brenda Jones
FOOD SERVICE MANAGER ..	Eugene Stamm
STEWARD	Dick Paplham
CHEF	John Ohno
COOKS	Bruce Hall William Richardson
BAKER	Christian Beyer
KITCHEN STAFF	Anthony Antwi Winston Ayoki Anthony Jallah David Kigonzi Samuel Knowles
DINING ROOM STAFF	Anne Tavalin Jeffrey Chester Russell Forrest
OFFICE	Doris Adler Sophia Bonfield Ruth Zlotoff
SHOPPING	Judith Voss
ELECTRICAL	Alan Hack Dan Yavner
MAINTENANCE	Ralph Arditi Oscar Nelson Powell Woodson
CLEANING WOMEN	Eliane Delancy Jessie Goldspink Annetta McAlley Beatrice Moore Dorothy Popilowski Eva Schmidheini